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THE STANDARD.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ENTERPRISE:

Its Necessity, Practicability and Dignity, with Glimpses at the Special Duties of the North.

AN ADDRESS

Before the People of New York, at the Metropolitan Theatre, May 9, 1855.

BY

CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. SUMNER was introduced to the audience, by the Hon. WILLIAM JAY, in the following terms:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been requested, on the part of the Society, to perform the pleasing, but unnecessary, office of introducing to you the honoured and well-known advocate of Justice, Humanity and Freedom, CHARLES SUMNER. It is not for his learning and eloquence that I commend him to your respectful attention; for learning, eloquence, and even theology itself, have been prostituted in the service of an institution well described by John Wesley as the sum of all villanies. I introduce him to you as a Northern Senator, on whom nature has conferred the unusual gift of a back-bone—a man who, standing erect on the floor of Congress, amid creeping things from the North, with Christian fidelity denounces the stupendous wickedness of the Fugitive law and the Nebraska perfidy, and, in the name of Liberty, Humanity and Religion, demands the repeal of those most atrocious enactments. May the words he is about to utter be impressed on your consciences, and influence your conduct.

Mr. SUMNER then proceeded to speak as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW YORK:

HISTORY abounds in vicissitudes. From weakness and humility, men ascend to power and place. From defeat and disparagement, enterprises are lifted to triumph and acceptance. The martyr of to-day is gratefully enshrined on the morrow. The stone that the builders rejected is made the head of the corner. Thus it always has been, and ever will be.

Only twenty years ago—in 1835—the friends of the slave in our country were weak and humble, while their great Enterprise, just then showing itself, was trampled down and despised. The small companies, gathered together in the name of Freedom, were interrupted and often dispersed by riotous mobs. At Boston, a feeble association of women, called the Female Anti-Slavery Society, convened in a small room of an upper story in an obscure building, was insulted and then driven into the streets by a frantic crowd, politely termed, at the time, an assemblage of "gentlemen of property and standing," which, after various deeds of violence [illegible] William Lloyd Garrison—known as the determined editor of the *Liberator*, and the originator of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise in our day—and ruthlessly tearing him away, amidst savage threats and with a halter about his neck, dragged him through the streets, until, at last, guilty only of loving liberty, if not wisely, too well, this unoffending citizen was thrust into the common jail for protection against an infuriate populace. Nor was Boston alone. Even villages in remote rural solitude belched forth in similar outrage; while the large towns, like Providence, New Haven, Utica, Worcester, Alton, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, became so many fiery craters, overflowing with rage and madness. What lawless violence failed to accomplish was next urged through the forms of law. By solemn legislative acts, the Slave States called on the Free States, "promptly and effectually to suppress all associations within their respective limits purporting to be Abolition Societies"; and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New York, basely hearkened to the base proposition. The press, too, with untold power, exerted itself in this behalf, while the pulpit, the politician, and the merchant, conspired to stifle discussion until the voice of Freedom was hushed to a whisper, "alas! almost afraid to know itself."

Since then—in the lapse of a few years only—a change has taken place. Instead of those small companies, counted by tens, we have now this mighty assembly, counted by thousands; instead of an insignificant apartment, like that in Boston, the mere appendage of a printing-office, where, as in the manger itself, Truth was cradled, we have now this Metropolitan Hall, ample in proportions and central in place; instead of a profane and clamorous mob, beating at our gates, dispersing our assembly, and making one of our number the victim of its fury, we have now peace and harmony at unguarded doors, ruffled only by a generous competition to participate in this occasion; while legislatures openly declare their sympathies; villages, towns and cities vie in the new manifestation; and the press itself, with increased power, heralds, applauds and extends the prevailing influence, which, overflowing from every fountain, and pouring through every channel, at last, by the awakened voice of pulpit, politician and merchant, swells into an irrepressible cry.

Here is a great change, worthy of notice and memory, for it attests the first stage of victory. Slavery, in all its many-sided wrong, still continues; but here in this metropolis—ay, Sir, and throughout the whole North—freedom of discussion is at length secured. And this, I say, is the first stage of victory—herald of the transcendent Future;

> "Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
> Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
> A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
> The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity."

Nor is there anything peculiar in the trials to which our cause has been exposed. Thus in all ages has Truth been encountered. At first persecuted, gagged, silenced, crucified, she has cried out from the prison, from the torture, from the stake, from the cross, until at last her voice has been heard. And when that voice is really heard, whether in martyr cries, or in earthquake tones of civil convulsion, or in the calmness of ordinary speech, such as I now employ, or in that still small utterance inaudible to the common ear, then is the beginning of victory! "Give me where to stand, and I will move the world," said Archimedes; and Truth asks no more than did the master of geometry.

Viewed in this respect, the present occasion rises above any ordinary course of lectures or series of political meetings. It is the inauguration of Freedom. From this time forward, her voice of warning and command cannot be silenced. The sensitive sympathies of property may, in this commercial mart, once again recognise property in man; the watchful press itself may falter or fail, but the vantage-ground of free discussion now achieved cannot be lost. On this I take my stand, and, as from the Mount of Vision, behold the whole field of our great controversy spread before me. There is no point, topic, fact, matter, reason or argument, touching the question between Slavery and Freedom, which is not now open. Of all these I might, perhaps, aptly select some one and confine myself to its development. But I should not, in this way, best satisfy the seeming requirements of the occasion. According to the invitation of your Committee, I was to make an address, introductory to the present course of lectures, but was prevented by ill-health. And now, at the close of the course, I am to say what I failed to say at its beginning. Not as caucus or as Congress can I address you; nor am I moved to undertake a political harangue or constitutional argument. Out of the occasion let me speak, and, discarding any individual topic, aim to review the entire field in all its divisions and subdivisions, with all its metes and bounds.

My subject will be THE NECESSITY, PRACTICABILITY AND DIGNITY OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY ENTERPRISE, WITH GLIMPSES AT THE SPECIAL DUTIES OF THE NORTH. By this Enterprise I do not mean the efforts of any restricted circle, sect or party, but the cause of the slave, in all its forms and degrees, and under all its names—whether inspired by the pulpit, the press, the economist or the politician—whether in the early, persistent and comprehensive demands of Garrison, the gentler utterances of Channing, or the strictly constitutional endeavours of others now actually sharing the public councils of the country. To carry through this review, under its different heads, I shall not hesitate to meet the objections which have been urged against this Enterprise, so far, at least, as I am aware of them. And now, as I address you seriously, I venture to ask your serious attention even to the end. Not easily can a public address reach that highest completeness which is found in mingling the useful and the agreeable; but I desire to say, that, in this arrangement and coördination of my remarks to-night, I seek to cultivate that highest courtesy of a speaker, which is found in clearness.

I. I begin with the NECESSITY of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. In the wrong of Slavery, *as defined by existing law*, this necessity is plainly apparent; nor can any man within the sound of my voice, who listens to the authentic words of the law, hesitate in my conclusion. A wrong so grievous and unquestionable should not be allowed to continue. For the honour of human nature, and for the good of all concerned, *it should at once cease to exist*. On this simple statement, as a corner-stone, I found the necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise.

I do not dwell, Sir, on the many tales which come from the house of bondage; on the bitter sorrows there undergone; on the flesh, galled by the manacle or spitting blood beneath the lash; on the human form mutilated by the knife, or seared by red-hot iron; on the ferocious scent of blood-hounds in chase of human prey; on the sale of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, little children—even infants—at the auction-block; on the practical prostration of all rights, all ties, and even all hope; on the deadly injury to morals, in substituting concubinage for marriage, and changing the whole land of slavery into a by-word of shame, only fitly pictured by the language of Dante when he called his own degraded country a House of Ill Fame; and, last of all, on the pernicious influence upon the master as well as the slave, showing itself too often, even by his own confession, in rudeness of manners and character, and especially in that blindness which renders him insensible to the wrong he upholds, while he,

> "——so perfect is his misery,
> Not once perceives his foul disfigurement,
> But boasts himself more comely than before."

On these things I do not dwell, although volumes are at hand of unquestionable facts and of illustrative story, so just and happy as to vie with fact, out of which I might draw, until, like Macbeth, you had supped full of horrors.

But all these I put aside; not because I do not regard them of moment in exhibiting the true character of slavery, but because I desire to present this argument on grounds above all controversy, impeachment, or suspicion, even from slave-masters themselves. Not on triumphant story, not even on indisputable facts, do I now accuse Slavery, but on its character, as revealed in its own simple definition of itself. Out of its own mouth do I condemn it. By the *law of Slavery*, man [illegible] chattel. That this statement may not seem to be put forward without precise authority, I quote the law of two different States. The civil code of Louisiana thus defines a slave:

> "A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labour. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must belong to his master."—*Civil Code*, Art. 35.

The law of another polished slave State gives this definition:

> "Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal*, in the hands of their owners, and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assignees, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."—2 *Brev. Dig.* 229.

And a careful writer, Judge Stroud, in a work of juridicial as well as philanthropic merit, thus sums up the law:

> "The cardinal principle of Slavery—that the slave is not to be ranked among *sentient* beings, but among *things*—is an article of property—a chattel personal—obtains as undoubted law in all of these (the slave) States."—*Stroud's Laws of Slavery*, 22.

Sir, this is enough. As out of its small egg crawls forth the slimy, scaly reptile crocodile, so out of this simple definition crawls forth the whole slimy, scaly reptile monstrosity, by which a man is changed into a chattel—a person is converted into a thing—a soul is transmuted into merchandise. According to this very definition, the slave is held simply for the good of his master, to whose behests, his life, liberty and happiness are devoted, and by whom he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, invoiced, shipped as cargo, stored as goods, sold on execution, knocked off at public auction, and even staked at the gaming-table on the hazard of a card or a die. The slave may seem to have a wife; but he has not; for his wife belongs to his master. He may seem to have a child; but he has not; for his child belongs to his master. He may be filled with the desire of knowledge, opening to him the gates of hope on earth and in heaven, but the master may impiously close this sacred pursuit. Thus is he robbed not merely of privileges, but of himself; not merely of money and labour, but of wife and children; not merely of time and opportunity, but of every assurance of happiness; not merely of earthly hope, but of all those divine aspirations that spring from the fountain of light. He is not merely restrained in liberty, but totally deprived of it; not merely curtailed in rights, but absolutely stripped of them; not merely loaded with burthens, but changed into a beast of burthen; not merely bent in his countenance to the earth, but sunk to the legal level of a quadruped; not merely exposed to personal cruelty, but deprived of his character as a person; not merely compelled to involuntary labour, but degraded to be a rude thing; not merely shut out from knowledge, but wrested from his place in the human family. *And all this, Sir, is according to the simple law of Slavery.*

Nor is even this all. The law, by cumulative provisions, positively forbids that a slave shall be taught to read. Hear this, fellow-citizens, and confess that no barbarism of despotism, no extravagance of tyranny, no excess of impiety can be more blasphemous or deadly. "Train up the child in the way he should go," is the lesson of sacred wisdom; but the law of slaves boldly prohibits any such training, and dooms the child to hopeless ignorance, and degradation. "Let there be light," was the Divine utterance at the very dawn of Creation—and this commandment, travelling with the ages and the hours, still speaks with the voice of God; but the law of Slavery says, "Let there be darkness."

But it is earnestly averred that slave-masters are humane, and that slaves are treated with kindness. These averments, however, I properly put aside, precisely as I have already put aside the multitudinous illustrations from the cruelty of Slavery. On the simple letter of the law I take my stand, and do not go beyond what is there nominated. The masses of men are not better than their laws, and, whatever may be the eminence of individual virtue, it is not reasonable to infer that the masses of slave-masters are better than the law of Slavery. And, since this law submits the slave to their irresponsible control, with power to bind and to scourge—to shut the soul from knowledge—to separate families—to unclasp the infant from a mother's breast, and the wife from a husband's arms—it is natural to conclude that such enormities are sanctioned by them, while the brutal prohibition of instruction by supplementary law gives crowning evidence of their complete complicity. And this conclusion must exist unquestioned, just so long as the law exists unrepealed. Cease, then, to blazon the humanity of slave-masters. Tell me not of the lenity with which this cruel law is tempered to its unhappy subjects. Tell me not of the sympathy which overflows from the mansion of the master to the cabin of the slave. In vain you assert these instances. In vain you show that there are individuals who do not exert the wickedness of the law. The law still endures. The institution of Slavery, which it defines and upholds, continues to defy Public Opinion, and, within the limits of our Republic, upwards of three millions of human beings, guilty only of a skin not coloured like your own, are left the victims of its unrighteous, irresponsible power.

Power divorced from right is devilish; power without the check of responsibility is tyrannical; and I need not go back to the authority of Plato, when I assert, that the most complete injustice is that which is erected into the form of law. But all these things concur in Slavery. It is, then, on the testimony of slave-masters, solemnly, legislatively, judicially attested in the very law itself, that I now arraign this institution, as an outrage upon man and his Creator. And here is the necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. A wrong so transcendent, so loathsome, so direful, must be encountered *wherever it can be reached*, and the battle must be continued without truce or compromise, until the field is entirely won. Freedom and Slavery can hold no divided empire; nor can there be any true repose until Freedom is everywhere established.

To the necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, there are two and only two vital objections; one founded on the alleged distinction of race, and the other on the alleged sanction of Christianity. All other objections are of an inferior character, or are directed logically at its practicability. Of these two leading objections, let me briefly speak.

1. And, first, of the alleged *distinction of race*. This objection itself assumes two different forms, one founded on a prophetic malediction in the Old Testament, and the other on the professed observations of recent science. Its importance is apparent in the obvious fact, that, unless such distinction be clearly and unmistakably established, every argument by which our own freedom is vindicated—every applause awarded to the successful rebellion of our fathers—every indignant word ever hurled against the enslavement of our white fellow-citizens by Algerine corsairs, must plead trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of Slavery, whether white or black.

It is said that the Africans are the posterity of Ham, the son of Noah, through Canaan, who was cursed by Noah, to be the servant of his brethren, and that this malediction has descended upon all his posterity, including the unhappy Africans, who are accordingly devoted by God, through unending generations, to unending bondage. Such is the favourite argument often put forth at the South, and more than once directly addressed to myself. Here, for instance, is a passage from a letter recently received: "You need not persist," says the writer, "in confounding Japheth's children with Ham's, and making both races one, and arguing on their rights as those of man broadly." And I have been seriously assured that until this objection is answered, it will be in vain to press my views upon Congress or the country. Listen now to the texts of the Old Testament which are so strangely employed.

> "And he (Noah) said, cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."—*Genesis*, chap. ix. 25-27.

That is all; and I need only read these words in order to expose the whole transpicuous humbug. But I am tempted to add, that, to justify this objection, it will be necessary to maintain at least five different propositions, as essential links in the chain of the African slave; *first*, that, by this malediction, Canaan himself [illegible] his brethren; *secondly*, that not [illegible] language has no such extent; *thirdly*, that the African actually belongs to the posterity of Canaan—an ethnographical assumption absurdly difficult to establish; *fourthly*, that each of the descendants of Shem or Japheth has a right to hold an African fellow-man as a chattel—a proposition which finds no semblance of support; and, *fifthly*, that every slave-master is truly descended from Shem or Japheth—a pedigree which no anxiety or audacity can prove! This plain analysis, which may fitly excite a smile, shows the five-fold absurdity of an attempt to found this revolting wrong on

> "Any successive title, long and dark,
> Drawn from the musty rolls of Noah's ark."

The small bigotry, which could find comfort in these texts, has been lately exalted by the suggestion of science, that the different races of men are not derived from a single pair, but from several distinct stocks, according to their several distinct characteristics; and it has been audaciously argued that the African is so far inferior, as to lose all title to that liberty which is the birthright of the lordly white. Now, I have neither time nor disposition, on this occasion, to discuss the question of the unity of races; nor is it necessary to my present purpose. It may be that the different races of men proceeded from different stocks; but there is one great Human Family, in which Caucasian and African, Chinese and Indian, are all brothers, children of *one* Father, and heirs to *one* happiness—alike on earth and in heaven. "Star-eyed science" cannot shake this everlasting truth. It may vainly exhibit peculiarities in the African, by which he is distinguishable from the Caucasian. It may, in his physical form and intellectual character, presume to find the stamp of permanent inferiority. But by no reach of learning, by no torture of facts, by no effrontery of dogma, can it show that he is not *a man*. And as a man he stands before you an unquestionable member of the Human Family, and entitled to *all the rights of man*. You can claim nothing for yourself, *as man*, which you must not accord to him. *Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*—which you proudly declare to be your own inalienable, God-given rights, and to the support of which your fathers pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honour—are his by the same immortal title that they are yours.

2. From the objection founded on the alleged distinction of race, I pass to that other founded on the alleged *sanction of Slavery by Christianity*. And, seeking to be brief, I shall not undertake to reconcile texts often quoted from the Old Testament, which, whatever may be their import, are all absorbed in the New; nor shall I stop to consider the precise interpretation of the oft-quoted phrase, *Servants, obey your masters*; nor seek to weigh any such imperfect injunction in the scales against those grand commandments, on which hang all the law and the prophets. Surely, in the example and teachings of the Saviour, who lifted up the down-trodden, who enjoined purity of life, and overflowed with tenderness even to little children, human ingenuity can find no apology for an institution which tramples on man, which defiles woman, and sweeps little children beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. If to any one these things seem to have the license of Christianity, it is only because they have first secured a license in his own soul. Men are prone to find in uncertain, disconnected texts, a confirmation of their own personal prejudices or prepossessions. And I—who am no divine, but only a simple layman—make bold to say, that whoever finds in the Gospel any sanction of Slavery, finds there merely a reflection of himself. On a matter so irresistibly clear, authority is superfluous; but an eminent character, who as poet makes us forget his high place as philosopher, and as a philosopher, makes us forget his high place as theologian, has exposed the essential antagonism between Christianity and Slavery, in a few pregnant words which you will be glad to hear—particularly as, I believe, they have not been before introduced into this discussion. "By a principle essential to Christianity," said Coleridge, "a *person* is eternally differenced from a *thing*; so that *the idea of a Human Being necessarily excludes the idea of property in that Being*."

With regret, though not with astonishment, I learn that a Boston divine has sought to throw the seamless garment of Christ over this shocking wrong. But I am patient, and see clearly how vain will be his effort, when I call to mind, that, within this very century, other divines sought to throw the same seamless garment over the more shocking slave trade; and that, among other publications, a little book was then put forth with the name of a reverend clergyman on the title-page, to prove that "the African trade for negro slaves is consistent with the principles of humanity and revealed religion"; and, thinking of these things, I am ready to say with Shakspeare,

> "———— In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it and approve it with a text?"

In the support of Slavery, it is the habit to pervert texts and to invent authority. Even St. Paul is vouched for a wrong which his Christian life rebukes. Great stress is now laid on his example, as it appears in the epistle to Philemon, written at Rome, and sent by Onesimus, a servant. From the single chapter constituting the entire epistle, I take the following passage, in ten verses, which is strangely invoked for Slavery:

> "*I beseech thee for my son Onesimus*, whom I have begotten in my bonds; which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me; whom I have sent again; thou, therefore, receive him, that is, mine own bowels; whom I would have retained with me, that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the gospel; but without thy mind would I do nothing, that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him for ever; *not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved*, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord? *If thou count me therefore, a partner, receive him as myself.* If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account. I, Paul, have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it: albeit, I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides."—*Epistle to Philemon*, verses 10—19.

Out of this affectionate epistle, in which St. Paul calls the converted servant, Onesimus, his *son*, precisely as in another epistle he calls Timothy his son, Slavery has been elaborately vindicated, and the great Apostle to the Gentiles has been made the very tutelary saint of the Slave Hunter. Now, without relying on minute criticism, to infer his real judgment of Slavery from his condemnation, on another occasion, of "men-stealers," or, according to the original text, *slave-traders*, in company with "murderers of fathers, and murderers of mothers," and without undertaking to show that the present epistle, when truly interpreted, is a protest against Slavery, and a voice for Freedom—all of which might be done—I content myself by calling attention to two things, apparent on its face, and in themselves an all-sufficient response. First, while it appears that Onesimus had been in some way the servant of Philemon, it does not appear that he had ever been held as a slave, much less as a chattel; and how gross and monstrous is the effort to derive a wrong, by which man is changed to a chattel, out of words, whether in the Constitution of our country or in the Bible, which do not explicitly, unequivocally, and exclusively define this wrong! Secondly, in charging Onesimus with this epistle to Philemon, the Apostle announces him as "not now a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," and he enjoins upon his correspondent the hospitality due only to a freeman, saying expressly, "If thou count me, therefore, a partner, *receive him as myself*"; ay, Sir, not as slave, not even as servant, but as a brother beloved, even as the Apostle himself. Thus with apostolic pen wrote Paul to his disciple, Philemon. Beyond all doubt, in these words of gentleness, benediction, and emancipation, dropping with celestial, soul-awakening power, there can be no justification for a conspiracy, which, beginning with the treachery of Iscariot, and the temptation of pieces of silver, seeks, by fraud, brutality, and violence, through officers of the law armed to the teeth, like pirates, and amidst soldiers who degrade their uniform, to hurl a fellow-man back into the lash-resounding den of American Slavery; and if any one can thus pervert this beneficent example, allow me to say, that he [illegible] tenaciously hugged [illegible], assuming against every objection the Necessity of our Enterprise.

II. I am now brought, in the *second* place, to consider the PRACTICABILITY of the Enterprise. And here the way is easy. In showing its necessity, I have already demonstrated its practicability; for the former includes the latter, as the greater includes the less. Whatever is necessary must be practicable. By a decree which has ever been a by-word of tyranny, the Israelites were compelled to make bricks without straw; but it is not according to the ways of a benevolent Providence, that a man should be constrained to do what cannot be done. What must be done can be done. Besides, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise is necessary because it is right; and whatever is right is practicable.

I know well the little faith which the world has in the triumph of principles, and I readily imagine the despair with which our object is regarded; but not on this account am I disheartened. That exuberant writer, Sir Thomas Browne, breaks forth in the ecstatic wish for some new difficulty in Christian belief, that his faith might have a new victory, and an eminent enthusiast went so far as to say, that he believed because it was impossible—*credo quia impossibile*. But no such exalted faith is now required. Here is no impossibility, nor is there any difficulty which will not yield to a faithful, well-directed endeavour. If to any timid soul the Enterprise seems impossible because it is too beautiful, then I say at once that it is too beautiful not to be possible.

But descending from these summits, let me show plainly the object which it seeks to accomplish, and herein you shall see and confess its complete practicability. While discountenancing all prejudice of colour and every establishment of caste, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise—at least so far as I may speak for it—does not undertake to change human nature, or to force any individual into relations of life for which he is not morally, intellectually, and socially adapted; nor does it necessarily assume that a race, degraded for long generations under the iron heel of bondage, can be lifted at once into all the political privileges of an American citizen. But, Sir, it does confidently assume, against all question, contradiction, or assault whatever, *that every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and, with equal confidence, it asserts that every individual, who wears the human form, whether black or white, should at once be recognised as man.* I know not when this is done, what other trials may be in wait for the unhappy African; but I do know, that the Anti-Slavery Enterprise will then have triumphed, and the institution of Slavery, *as defined by existing law*, will no longer shock mankind.

In this work the first essential practical requisite is, that the question shall be openly and frankly confronted. Do not put it aside. Do not blink it out of sight. Do not dodge it. Approach it. Study it. Ponder it. Deal with it. Let it rest in the illumination of speech, conversation, and the press. Let it fill the thoughts of the statesman and the prayers of the pulpit. When Slavery is thus regarded, its true character will be recognised *as a hateful assemblage of unquestionable wrongs under the sanction of existing law*, and good men will be moved at once to apply the remedy. Already even its zealots admit that its "abuses" should be removed. This is their word and not mine. Alas! alas! Sir, it is these very "abuses" which constitute its component parts, without which it would not exist, even as the scourges in a bundle with the axe constituted the dread fasces of the Roman lictor. Take away these, and the whole embodied outrage will disappear. Surely that central assumption—more deadly than the axe itself—by which man is changed into a chattel, may be abandoned; and is not this practicable? The associate scourges by which that transcendent "abuse" is surrounded may, one by one, be subtracted. The "abuse" which substitutes concubinage for marriage—the "abuse" which annuls the parental relation—the "abuse" which closes the portals of knowledge—the "abuse" which tyrannically usurps all the labour of another—now upheld by positive law, may by positive law be abolished. To say that this is not practicable, in the nineteenth century, would be a scandal upon mankind. And just in proportion as these "abuses" cease to have the sanction of law, will the institution of Slavery cease to exist. The African, whatever may then be his condition, will no longer be *the slave* over whose wrongs and sorrows the world throbs at times fiercely indignant, and at times painfully sad, while, with outstretched arms, he sends forth the piteous cry, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

In pressing forward to this result, the inquiry is often presented, to what extent, if any, shall compensation be allowed to the slave-masters? Clearly, if the point be determined by *absolute justice*, not the masters, but the slaves, will be entitled to compensation; for it is the slaves who, throughout weary generations, have been deprived of their toil and all its fruits, which went to enrich their masters. Besides, it seems hardly reasonable to pay for the relinquishment of those disgusting "abuses," which, in their aggregation, constitute the bundle of Slavery. Pray, Sir, by what tariff, price current, or principle of equation, shall their several values be estimated? What sum shall be counted out as the proper price for the abandonment of that pretension—more indecent than the *jus primæ noctis* of the feudal age—which leaves woman, whether in the arms of master or slave, always a concubine? What bribe shall be proffered for the restoration of God-given parental rights? What money shall be paid for taking off the padlock by which souls are fastened down in darkness? How much for a quit-claim to labour now meanly exacted by the strong from the weak? And what compensation shall be awarded for the surrender of that egregious assumption, condemned by reason and abhorred by piety, which changes a man into a thing? I put these questions without undertaking to pass upon them. Shrinking instinctively from any recognition of *rights founded on wrongs*, I find myself shrinking also from any austere verdict, which shall deny the means necessary to the great consummation we seek. Our fathers, under Washington, did not hesitate, by Act of Congress, to appropriate largely for the ransom of white fellow-citizens enslaved by Algerine corsairs; and, following this example, I am disposed to consider the question of compensation as one of expediency, to be determined by the exigency of the hour and the constitutional powers of the Government; though such is my desire to see the foul fiend of Slavery in flight, that I could not hesitate to build even a bridge of gold, if necessary, to promote his escape.

The *Practicability* of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise has been constantly questioned, often so superficially as to be answered at once. I shall not take time to consider the allegation, founded on considerations of economy, which audaciously assumes that Slave Labour is more advantageous than Free Labour—that Slavery is more profitable than Freedom; for this is all exploded by the official tables of the census; nor that other futile argument, that the slaves are not prepared for Freedom, and, therefore, should not be precipitated into this condition—for that is no better than the ancient Greek folly, where the anxious mother would not allow her son to go into the water until he had first learned to swim. But as against the Necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, there were two chief objections, so, also, against its Practicability are there two: the first, founded on its alleged danger to the master; and the second, on its alleged damage to the slave himself.

1. The first objection, founded on the alleged *danger to the master*, most generally takes the extravagant form, that the slave, if released from his present condition, would cut his master's throat. Here is a blatant paradox, which can pass for reason only among those who have lost their reason. With an absurdity which finds no parallel except in the defences of Slavery, it assumes that the African, when treated justly, will show a vindictiveness which he does not exhibit when treated unjustly; that when elevated by the blessings of Freedom, he will develop an appetite for blood which he never manifested when crushed by the curse of bondage. At present, the slave sees his wife ravished from his arms [illegible] still his master sleeps secure. Will the master sleep less secure when the slave no longer smarts under these revolting atrocities? I will not trifle with your intelligence, or with the quick-passing hour, by arguing this question.

But there is a lofty example, brightening the historic page, by which the seal of experience is affixed to the conclusions of reason; and you would hardly pardon me if I failed to adduce it. By virtue of a single Act of Parliament, the slaves of the British West Indies were changed at once to freedmen; and this great transition was accomplished absolutely without personal danger of any kind to the master. And yet the chance of danger there was greater far than among us. In our broad country, the slaves are overshadowed by a more than six-fold white population. Only in two States—South Carolina and Mississippi—do the slaves outnumber the whites, and there but slightly; while in the entire Slave States, the whites outnumber the slaves by many millions. But it was otherwise in the British West Indies, where the whites were overshadowed by a more than six-fold slave population. The slaves were 800,000, while the whites numbered only 131,000, distributed in different proportions on the different islands. And this disproportion has since increased rather than diminished, always without danger to the whites. In Jamaica, the largest of these possessions, there are now upwards of 400,000 Africans, and only 37,000 whites; in Barbadoes, the next largest possession, there are 120,000 Africans, and only 15,000 whites; in St. Lucia, 19,500 Africans, and only 600 whites; in Tobago, 14,000 Africans, and only 600 whites; in Montserrat, 6,000 Africans, and only 150 whites; and in the Grenadines, upwards of 6,000 Africans, and less than 50 whites. And yet, in all these places, the authorities attest the good behaviour of the Africans. Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, in his speech to the Assembly, declared that their conduct "proves how well they deserved the boon of Freedom." Another Governor of another island dwells on the "peculiarly rare instances of the commission of grave or sanguinary crimes among the emancipated portion of these islands"; and the Queen of England, in a speech from the throne, has announced that the complete and final emancipation of the Africans had "taken place without any disturbance of public order and tranquillity." In this example I hail new confirmation of the rule that the highest safety is in doing right; and thus do I dismiss the objection founded on the alleged danger to the master.

2. And I am now brought to the second objection, founded on the alleged *damage to the slave*. It is common among the partisans of Slavery, to assert that our Enterprise has actually retarded the very cause it seeks to promote; and this paradoxical accusation, which might naturally show itself among the rank weeds of the South, is cherished here on our Northern soil, by those who anxiously look for any fig-leaf with which to cover their indifference or tergiversation.

This peculiar form of complaint is an old device, which has been instinctively employed on other occasions until it has ceased to be even plausible. Thus, throughout all times, has every good cause been encountered. The Saviour was nailed to the cross with a crown of thorns on his head, as a disturber of that peace on earth which he came to declare. The disciples, while preaching the Gospel of forgiveness and good will, were stoned as preachers of sedition and discord. The reformers, who sought to establish a higher piety and faith, were burnt at the stake as blasphemers and infidels. Patriots, in all ages, who have striven for their country's good, have been doomed to the scaffold or to exile, even as their country's enemies. And those brave Englishmen, who, at home, under the lead of Edmund Burke, even against their own country, espoused the cause of our fathers, shared the same illogical impeachment which was touched to the quick by that orator-statesman, when, after exposing its essential vice "in attributing the ill-effect of ill-judged conduct to the arguments used to dissuade us from it," he denounced it as "very absurd, but very common in modern practice." In England, it has vainly renewed itself with special frequency against the Bible Societies; against the friends of education; against the patrons of vaccination; against the partisans of peace, all of whom have been openly arraigned as provoking and increasing the very evils, whether of infidelity, idleness, disease, or war, which they benignly sought to check. And to bring an instance which is precisely applicable to our own, Wilberforce, when conducting the Anti-Slavery Enterprise of England, first against the slave trade and then against Slavery itself, was told that those efforts, by which his name is now consecrated forevermore, tended to increase the hardships of the slave, even to the extent of rivetting anew his chains. Such are the precedents for the imputation to which our Enterprise is exposed; and such, also, are the precedents by which I exhibit the fallacy of the imputation.

Sir, I do not doubt that the Enterprise has produced heat and irritation, amounting often to inflammation, among slave-masters, which, to superficial minds, may seem inconsistent with success; but which the careful observer will recognise at once as the natural and not unhealthy effort of a diseased body to purge itself of existing impurities; and just in proportion to the malignity of the concealed poison, will be the extent of inflammation. A distemper like Slavery cannot be ejected like a splinter. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that men thus tortured should reason calmly—that patients thus suffering should comprehend the true nature of their case and kindly acknowledge the beneficent work; but not on this account can it be suspended.

In the face of this complaint, I assert that the Anti-Slavery Enterprise has already accomplished incalculable good. Even now it touches the national heart as it never before was touched, sweeping its strings with a might to draw forth emotions such as no political struggle has ever evoked. It moves the young, the middle-aged, and the old. It enters the family circle, and mingles with the flame of the household hearth. It reaches the souls of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, filling all with a new aspiration for justice on earth, and awakening not merely a sentiment against Slavery, such as prevailed with our fathers, but a deep, undying conviction of its wrong, and a determination to leave no effort unattempted for its removal. With the sympathies of all Christendom as allies, it has already encompassed the slave-masters by a *moral blockade*, invisible to the eye, but more potent than navies, from which there can be no escape except in final capitulation. Thus it has created the irresistible influence which itself constitutes the beginning of success. Already there are signs of change. In common speech, as well as in writing, among slave-masters, the bondman is no longer called a *slave*, but a *servant*—thus, by a soft substitution, concealing and condemning the true relation. Even newspapers in the land of bondage blush with indignation at the hunt of men by bloodhounds, thus protesting against an unquestionable incident of Slavery. Other signs are found in the added comfort of the slave; in the enlarged attention to his wants; in the experiments now beginning, by which the slave is enabled to share in the profits of his labour, and thus finally secure his freedom; and, above all, in the consciousness among slave-masters themselves, that they dwell now as never before under the keen observation of an ever-wakeful Public Opinion, quickened by an ever-wakeful Public Press. Nor is this all. Only lately propositions have been introduced into the legislatures of different States, and countenanced by governors, to mitigate the existing law of Slavery; and, almost while speaking, I have received the drafts of two different memorials—one addressed to the legislature of Virginia, and the other to that of North Carolina—asking for the slave three things, which it will be monstrous to refuse, but which, if conceded, will take from Slavery its existing character; I mean, first, the protection of the marriage relation; secondly, the protection of the parental relation; and, thirdly, the privilege of knowledge. Grant these, and the girdled Upas tree soon must die. Sir, amidst these tokens of present success, and the auguries of the future, I am not disturbed by any complaints of seeming damage. "Though it consume our own dwelling, who does not [illegible]

III. And now, in the *third* place, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, which I have shown to be at once necessary and practicable, is commended by its inherent DIGNITY. Here the reasons are obvious and unanswerable.

Its object is benevolent; nor is there, in the dreary annals of the Past, a single enterprise which stands forth more clearly and indisputably entitled to this character. With unsurpassed and touching magnanimity, it seeks to benefit the lowly whom your eyes have not seen, and who are ignorant even of your labours, while it demands and receives a self-sacrifice calculated to ennoble an enterprise of even questionable merit. Its true rank is among works properly called *philanthropic*—the title of highest honour on earth. "I take goodness in this sense," says Lord Bacon in his Essays, "*the affecting of the weal of men*, which is what the Grecians call Philanthropeia—of all virtues and dignities of the mind the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." Lord Bacon was right, and, perhaps, unconsciously followed a higher authority; for, when Moses asked the Lord to show unto him His glory, the Lord said, "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." Ah! Sir, Peace has trophies fairer and more perennial than any snatched from fields of blood, but among all these, the fairest and most perennial are the trophies of beneficence. Scholarship, literature, jurisprudence, art, may wear their well-deserved honours; but an Enterprise of goodness deserves, and will yet receive, a higher palm than these.

In other aspects its dignity is apparent. It concerns the cause of Human Freedom, which, from the earliest days, has been the darling of history. By all the memories of the Past; by the stories of childhood and the studies of youth; by every example of magnanimous virtue; by every aspiration for the good and true; by the fame of the martyrs swelling through all time; by the renown of patriots whose lives are landmarks of progress; by the praise lavished upon our fathers, you are summoned to this work. Unless Freedom be an illusion, and benevolence an error, you cannot resist the appeal. But our cause is nobler even than than that of our fathers, inasmuch as it is more exalted to struggle for the Freedom of *others* than for our *own*.

Its practical importance at this moment gives to it an additional eminence. Whether measured by the number of beings it seeks to benefit; by the magnitude of the wrongs it hopes to relieve; by the difficulties which beset it; by the political relations which it affects; or by the ability and character it has enlisted, the cause of the slave now assumes proportions of grandeur which dwarf all other interests in our broad country. In its presence the machinations of politicians, the aspirations of office-seekers and the subterfuges of party, all sink below even their ordinary insignificance. For myself, Sir, I can see little else at this time among us which can tempt out on to the exposed steeps of public life an honest man, who wishes, by something that he does, to leave the world better than he found it. I can see little else which can afford any of those satisfactions which an honest man should covet. Nor is there any cause which so surely promises final success;

> "Oh! a fair cause stands firm and will abide;
> Legions of angels fight upon its side!"

It is written that in the last days there shall be scoffers, and even this Enterprise, thus philanthropic, has not escaped their aspersions. And as the objections to its Necessity were two-fold, and the objections to its Practicability two-fold, so, also, are the aspersions two-fold; first, in the form of hard words, and, secondly, by personal disparagement of those who are engaged in it.

1. The *hard words* are manifold as the passions and prejudices of men; but they generally end in the imputation of "fanaticism." In such a cause, I am willing to be called "fanatic," or what you will. I care not for aspersions, nor shall I shrink before hard words, either here or elsewhere. I have learned from that great Englishman, Oliver Cromwell, that no man can be trusted "who is afraid of a paper pellet"; and I am too familiar with history not to know, that every movement for reform, in Church or State, every endeavour for Human Liberty or Human Rights, has been thus assailed. I do not forget with what facility and frequency hard words have been employed—how that grandest character of many generations, the precursor of our own Washington, without whose example our Republic might have failed—the great William, Prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic, the United States of Holland—I do not forget how he was publicly branded as "a perjurer and a pest of society"; and, not to dwell on general instances, how the enterprise for the abolition of the slave trade was characterized on the floor of Parliament, by one eminent speaker, as "mischievous," and by another as "visionary and delusive"; and how the exalted characters which it had enlisted were arraigned by still another eminent speaker—none other than that Tarleton, so conspicuous as the commander of the British horse in the Southern campaigns of our Revolution, but more conspicuous in politics at home—"as a junto of sectaries, sophists, enthusiasts, and fanatics"; and also were again arraigned by no less a person than a prince of the blood, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. of England, as "either fanatics or hypocrites," in one of which classes he openly placed William Wilberforce. But impartial history, with immortal pen, has redressed these impassioned judgments; and the same impartial history will yet rejudge the impassioned judgments of this hour.

2. Hard words have [illegible] *disparagement*, and the sneer is often launched that our Enterprise lacks the authority of names eminent in Church and State. If this be so, the more is the pity on their account; for our cause is needed to them more than they are needed to our cause. But alas! it is only according to the example of history that it should be so. It is not the eminent in Church and State, the rich and powerful, the favourites of fortune and of place, who most promptly welcome Truth, when she heralds change in the existing order of things. It is others in poorer condition who throw open their hospitable hearts to the unattended stranger. Nay, more; it is not the dwellers amidst the glare of the world, but the humble and lowly, who most clearly discern new duties—as the watchers, placed in the depths of a well, may observe the stars which are obscured to those who live in the *effulgence* of noon. Placed below the egotism and prejudice of self-interest, or of a class—below the cares and temptations of wealth or power—in the obscurity of common life—they discern the new signal, and surrender themselves unreservedly to its guidance. The Saviour knew this. He did not call upon the Priest, or Levite, or Pharisee, to follow him; but upon the humble fisherman by the sea of Galilee.

And now, Sir, I present to you the Anti-Slavery Enterprise vindicated in Necessity, Practicability, and Dignity, against all objections. If there be any objection which I have not answered, it is because I am not aware of its existence. It remains that I should give a practical conclusion to this whole matter, by showing, though in glimpses only, your SPECIAL DUTIES AS FREEMEN OF THE NORTH. And, thank God! at last there is a North.

Mr. President, it is not uncommon to hear persons among us at the North confess the wrong of Slavery, and then, folding their hands in absolute listlessness, "ejaculate, "What can we do about it?" Such men we encounter daily. You all know them. Among them are men in every department of human activity—who perpetually buy, build, and plan—who shrink from no labour—who are daunted by no peril of commercial adventure, by no hardihood of industrial enterprise—who, reaching in their understanding across ocean and continents, would undertake "to put a girdle about the earth in forty seconds"; and yet, disheartened, they can join in no effort against Slavery. Others there are, especially among the youthful and enthusiastic, who vainly sigh because they were not born in the age of chivalry, or at least in the days of the revolution, are [illegible] here at home. While confessing that it ought to disappear from the earth, they forego, renounce and abandon all exertion against it. Others there are still (such is human inconsistency!), who plant the tree in whose full-grown shade they can never expect to sit—who hopefully drop the acorn in the earth, trusting that the oak which it sends upward to the skies will shelter their children beneath its shade; but they will do nothing to plant or nurture the great tree of Liberty, that it may cover with its arms unborn generations of men.

Others still there are, particularly in the large cities, who content themselves by occasional contributions to the redemption of a slave. To this object they give out of ample riches, and thus seek to silence the monitions of conscience. Now, I would not discountenance any form of activity by which Human Freedom, even in a single case, may be secured. But I desire to say, that such an act—too often accompanied by a pharisaical pretension, in strange contrast with the petty performance—cannot be considered an essential aid to the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. Not in this way can any impression be made on an evil so vast as Slavery—as you will clearly see by an illustration which I shall give. The god Thor, of Scandinavian mythology, whose strength was more than that of Hercules, was once challenged to drain a simple cup dry. He applied it to his lips, and with superhuman capacity drank, but the water did not recede even from the rim, and at last the god abandoned the effort. The failure of even his extraordinary strength was explained, when he learned that the simple cup had communicated, by an invisible connection, with the whole vast ocean behind, out of which it was perpetually supplied, and which remained absolutely unaffected by the effort. And just so will these occasions of charity, though encountered by the largest private means, be constantly renewed, for they communicate with the whole vast Black Sea of Slavery behind, out of which they are perpetually supplied, and which remains absolutely unaffected by the effort. Sir, private means may cope with individual necessities, but they are powerless to redress the evil of a wicked institution. Charity is limited and local; the evils of Slavery are infinite and everywhere. Besides, a wrong, organized and upheld by law, can be removed only through a change of the law. Not, then, by an occasional contribution to the ransom of a slave can your duty be done in this great cause; but only by earnest, constant, valiant efforts against the institution—against the law—which makes slaves.

I am not insensible of the difficulties of this work. Full well I know the power of Slavery. Full well I know all its various intrenchments in the church, the politics and the prejudices of the country. Full well I know the sensitive interests of property, amounting to many hundred millions of dollars, which are said to be at stake. But these things can furnish no motive or apology for indifference or for any folding of the hands. Surely the wrong is not less wrong because it is gigantic, the evil is not less evil because it is immeasurable; nor can the duty of perpetual warfare with wrong or evil be in this instance suspended. Nay, because Slavery is powerful—because the Enterprise is difficult—therefore is the duty of all more exigent. The well-tempered soul does not yield to difficulties, but presses *onward forever* with increased resolution.

And here the question occurs, which is so often pressed in argument or in taunt, *What have we at the North to do with Slavery?* In answer, I might content myself by saying that, as members of the human family, bound together by the cords of a common manhood, there is no human wrong to which we can justly be insensible, nor is there any human sorrow which we should not seek to relieve; but I prefer to say, on this occasion, that, as citizens of the United States, anxious for the good name, the repose, and the prosperity of the Republic—*that it may be a blessing and not a curse to mankind*—there is nothing among all its diversified interests, under the National Constitution, with which, at this moment, we have so much to do; nor is there anything with regard to which our duties are so irresistibly clear. I do not dwell on the scandal of Slavery in the national capital—of Slavery in the national territories—of the coast-wise slave trade on the high seas beneath the national flag—all of which are outside of State limits, and within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, where you and I, Sir, and every freeman of the North, are compelled to share the responsibility and help to bind the chain. To dislodge Slavery from these usurped footholds under the Constitution, and thus at once to relieve ourselves from a grievous responsibility, and to begin the great work of emancipation, were an object worthy of an exalted ambition. But before even this can be commenced, there is a great work, more than any other important and urgent, which must be consummated in the domain of national politics, and also here at home in the Free States. The National Government itself must be emancipated, so that it shall no longer wear the yoke of servitude; and Slavery in all its pretensions must be dislodged from its usurped foothold, in the Free States themselves, thus relieving ourselves from a grievous responsibility at our own doors, and emancipating the North. Emancipation, even within the national jurisdiction, can be achieved only through the emancipation of the Free States, accompanied by the complete emancipation of the National Government. Ay, Sir, emancipation at the South can be reached only through the emancipation of the North. And this is my answer to the interrogatory, what have we at the North to do with Slavery?

But the answer may be made yet more irresistible, while, with mingled sorrow and shame, I portray the tyrannical power, which holds us in thraldom. Notwithstanding all its excess of numbers, wealth and intelligence, the North is now the vassal of an OLIGARCHY, whose single inspiration comes from Slavery. According to the official tables of our recent census, the *slave-masters*—men, women, and children all told—are only THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND; and yet this small company now dominates over the Republic, determines its national policy, disposes of its offices, and sways all to its absolute will. With a watchfulness that never sleeps, and an activity that never tires—with as many eyes as Argus, and as many arms as Briareus—the SLAVE OLIGARCHY asserts its perpetual and insatiate masterdom; now seizing a broad territory once covered by a time-honoured ordinance of Freedom; now threatening to wrest Cuba from Spain by violent war, or hardly less violent purchase; now hankering for another slice of Mexico, merely to find new scope for Slavery; now proposing once more to open the hideous, heaven-defying Slave trade, and thus to replenish its shambles with human flesh; and now, by the lips of an eminent Senator, asserting an audacious claim to the whole group of the West Indies, whether held by Holland, Spain, France, or England, as "our Southern Islands," while it assails the independence of Hayti, and stretches its treacherous ambition even to the distant valley of the Amazon.

In maintaining its power, the Slave Oligarchy has applied a new test for office, very different from that of Jefferson: "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?" These things are all forgotten now in the controlling question, "Is he faithful to Slavery?" With arrogant ostracism it excludes from every national office all who cannot respond to this test. So complete and irrational has this tyranny become, that, at this moment, while I now speak, could Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin, once more descend from their spheres above, to mingle in our affairs and bless us with their wisdom, not one of them, with his recorded, *unretracted* opinions on Slavery, could receive a nomination for the Presidency from a National Convention of either of the late great political parties; nor, stranger still, could either of these sainted patriots, whose names alone open a perpetual fountain of gratitude in all your hearts, be confirmed by the Senate of the United States for any political function whatever under the National Government—not even for the office of post-master. What I now say, amidst your natural astonishment, I have more than once uttered from my seat in the Senate, and no man there has made answer, for no man, who has sat in its secret sessions and there learned the test which is practically applied, could make answer; and I ask you to accept this statement as my testimony derived from the experience which has been my lot. Yes, fellow-citizens, had this test prevailed in the earlier days, Washington—first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen—could not have been created Generalissimo of the American forces—Jefferson could not have taken his place on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence—and Franklin could not have gone forth to France, with the commission of the infant Republic, to secure the invaluable alliance of that ancient kingdom.

And this giant strength is used with a giant heartlessness. By a cruel enactment, which has no source in the Constitution—which defies justice—which tramples on humanity—and which rebels against God, the Free States are made the hunt-[illegible] and all good [illegible] you expect that an enactment, so entirely devoid of all just sanction, should be called by the sacred name of law. History still repeats the language in which our fathers persevered, when they denounced the last emanation of British tyranny, which heralded the revolution, as the Boston Port *Bill*, and I am content with this precedent. I have said that if any man finds in the Gospel any support of Slavery, it is because Slavery is already in himself; so do I now say, if any man finds in the Constitution of our country any support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, it is because that bill is already in himself. One of our ancient masters—Aristotle, I think—tells us that every man has a beast in his bosom; but the Northern citizen who has the Fugitive Slave Bill there, has worse than a beast—a devil! And yet in this bill—more even than in the ostracism at which you rebel—does the Slave Oligarchy stand confessed; heartless, grasping, tyrannical; careless of humanity, right or the Constitution; wanting that foundation of justice which is the essential base of every civilized community; stuck together only by confederacy in spoliation; and constituting in itself a *magnum latrocinium*; while it degrades the Free States to the condition of a slave plantation, under the lash of a vulgar, despised and revolting overseer.

Surely, fellow-citizens, without hesitation or postponement, you will insist that this Oligarchy shall be overthrown; and here is the foremost among the special duties of the North, now required for the honour of the Republic, for our own defence, and in obedience to God. Urging this comprehensive duty, I ought to have hours rather than minutes before me; but, in a few words, you shall see its comprehensive importance. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Bill will be expelled from the statute book. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and Slavery will cease at once in the national capital. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and liberty will become the universal law of all the national territories. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the slave trade will no longer skulk along our coasts, beneath the national flag. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the National Government will be at length divorced from Slavery. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the national policy will be changed from Slavery to Freedom. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the North will no longer be the vassal of the South. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the North will be admitted to its just share in the trusts and honours of the Republic. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and you will possess the master-key to unlock the whole house of Slavery. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy—and the gates of emancipation will be open at the South.

But, without waiting for this consummation, there is another special duty to be done here at home, on our own soil, which must be made free in reality, as in name. And here I shall speak frankly, though not without a proper sense of the responsibility of my words. I know that I cannot address you entirely as a private citizen; but I shall say nothing here, which I have not said elsewhere, and which I shall not be proud to vindicate everywhere. "A lie," it has been declared, "should be trampled out and extinguished forever," and surely you will do nothing less with a tyrannical and wicked enactment. The Fugitive Slave Bill, while it continues unrepealed, must be made a dead letter; not by violence; not by any unconstitutional activity or intervention; not even by hasty conflict between jurisdictions; but by an aroused Public Opinion, which, in its irresistible might, shall blast with contempt, indignation and abhorrence, all who consent to be its agents. Thus did our fathers blast all who became the agents of the Stamp Act; and surely their motive was small compared with ours. The Slave-hunter who drags his victim from Africa is loathed as a monster; but I defy any acuteness of reason to indicate the moral difference between his act and that of the Slave-hunter who drags his victim from our Northern free soil. A few puny persons, calling themselves the Congress of the United States, with the titles of Representatives and Senators, cannot turn wrong into right—cannot change a man into a thing—cannot reverse the irreversible law of God—cannot make him wicked who hunts a slave on the burning sands of Congo or Guinea, and make him virtuous who hunts a slave in the colder streets of Boston or New York. Nor can any acuteness of reason distinguish between the bill of sale from the kidnapper, by which the unhappy African was originally transferred in Congo or Guinea, and the certificate of the Commissioner, by which, when once again in Freedom, he was reduced anew to bondage. The acts are kindred and should share a kindred condemnation.

One man's virtue becomes a standard of excellence for all; and there is now in Boston a simple citizen, whose example may be a lesson to Commissioners, Marshals, Magistrates; while it fills all with the beauty of a generous act. I refer to Mr. Hayes, who resigned his place in the city police rather than take any part in the pack of the Slave-hunter. He is now the door-keeper of the public edifice which has been honoured this winter by the triumphant lectures on slavery. Better he a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than a dweller in the tents of the ungodly. For myself, let me say, that I can imagine no office, no salary, no consideration, which I would not gladly forego, rather than become in any way an agent for the enslavement of my brother-man. Where, for me, would be comfort or solace after such a work! In dreams and in waking hours, in solitude and in the street, in the study of the open book and in conversation with the world, wherever I turned, there my victim would stare me in the face; while from the distant rice-fields and sugar-plantations of the South, his cries beneath the vindictive lash, his moans at the thought of liberty once his, now, alas! ravished away, would pursue me, repeating the tale of his fearful doom, and sounding—forever sounding—in my ears, "Thou art the man." Mr. President, may no such voice fall on your soul or mine!

Yes, Sir, here our duty is plain and paramount. While the Slave Oligarchy, through its unrepealed Slave Bill, undertakes to enslave our free soil, we can only turn for protection to a Public Opinion, worthy of a humane, just and religious people, which shall keep perpetual guard over the liberties of all within our borders; nay, more, which, like the flaming sword of the cherubim at the gates of Paradise, turning on every side, shall prevent any Slave-hunter from ever setting foot on our sacred soil. Elsewhere he may pursue his human prey; he may employ his congenial bloodhounds, and exult in his successful game. But into these domains of Freedom, he must not come. And this Public Opinion, with Freedom as its watch-word, must proclaim not only the overthrow of the Slave Bill, but also the overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy behind—the two pressing duties of the North, essential to our own emancipation; and believe me, Sir, while they remain undone, nothing is done.

Mr. President, far already have I trespassed upon your generous patience; but there are other things which still press for utterance. Something would I say of the arguments by which our Enterprise is commended; something also of the appeal it makes to men of every condition; and something also of union, as a vital necessity, among all who love Freedom.

I know not if our work can be soon accomplished. I know not, Sir, if you or I can live to see in our Republic the vows of the Fathers at length fulfilled, as the last fetter falls from the limbs of the last slave. But one thing I do know, beyond all doubt or question, that this Enterprise must go on—that in its irresistible current, it will sweep schools, colleges, churches, the intelligence, the conscience, and the religious aspirations of the land, while all, who stand in its way or speak evil of it, are laying up for their children, if not for themselves, days of sorrow and shame. Better to strive in this cause, even unsuccessfully, than never to strive at all.

There is no weapon in the celestial armory of truth; there is no sweet influence from the skies; there is no generous word that ever dropped from human lips, which may not be employed. Ours, too, is the argument alike of the Conservative and the Reformer, for our cause stands on the truest conservatism and the truest reform. It seeks the conservation of Freedom itself and of its kindred historic principles; it seeks also the reform of Slavery and of the kindred tyranny by which it is upheld. Religion, morals, justice, economy, the Constitution, may each and all be invoked; and one person is touched by one argument, while another person is touched by another. You do not forget how Christopher Columbus won Isabella of Spain, to his enterprise of discovery. He first presented to her the temptation of extending her dominions, but she hearkened not. He next promised to her the dazzling wealth of the Indies; and still she hearkened not. But when at last was pictured to her pious imagination the poor heathen with souls to be saved, then the youthful Queen poured her royal jewels into the [illegible] by divine art, was wrought every form of human activity; so in this cause, which is the very shield of Freedom, whatever man can do, by deed or speech, may find its place. One may act in one way, and another in another way; but all must act. Providence is felt through individuals; the dropping of water wears away the rock; and no man can be so humble or poor as to be excused from this work, while to all the happy in fortune, genius, or fame, it makes a special appeal. Here is room for the strength of Luther, and the sweetness of Melancthon; for the wisdom of age, and the ardour of youth; for the judgment of the statesman and the eloquence of the orator; for the grace of the scholar, and the aspiration of the poet; for the learning of the professor, and the skill of the lawyer; for the exhortation of the preacher, and the persuasion of the press; for the various energy of the citizen, and the abounding sympathy of woman.

And still one thing more is needed, without which Liberty-loving men, and even their arguments, will fail in power—even as without charity all graces of knowledge, speech, and faith are said to profit nothing. I mean that *Unity of Spirit*—in itself a fountain of strength—which, filling the people of the North, shall make them tread under foot past antipathies, decayed dissensions, and those irritating names which now exist only as the tattered ensigns of ancient strife. It is right to be taught by the enemy; and with their example before us and their power brandished in our very faces, we cannot hesitate. With them Slavery is made the main-spring of political life and the absorbing centre of political activity; with them all differences are swallowed up by this *one idea*, as all other rods were swallowed up by the rod of Aaron; with them all unite to keep the National Government under the control of slave-masters; and surely we should not do less for Freedom than they do for Slavery. *We, too, must be united.* Among us, at last, mutual criticism, crimination, and feud, must give place to mutual sympathy, trust and alliance. Face to face against the SLAVE OLIGARCHY must be rallied the UNITED MASSES of the North, in compact political association—planted on the everlasting base of justice—knit together by the instincts of a common danger, and by the holy sympathies of humanity—enkindled by a love of Freedom not only for themselves but for others—determined to emancipate the national government from degrading thraldom—and constituting the BACKBONE PARTY, powerful in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, but more powerful still in an inspiring cause. Let this be done, and the victory will be ours.

GOV. REEDER AT EASTON.

From the Easton Argus, May 3.

The inaccuracies in the telegraphic report of the Governor's reply, made up from the memory of some one in the crowd, induced us to call upon the Governor for a more correct report, with a view to republishing the remarks of both gentlemen correctly. Gov. Reeder declined writing out his remarks, but repeated them to us, and we made at the moment the following notes, which, we are satisfied, are a sufficiently close and faithful report of the substance of his original speech:

GOV. REEDER'S REPLY.

Gov. Reeder, with much feeling and impressive eloquence, returned his thanks to the assemblage for the flattering demonstration of welcome with which he had been greeted on his return to the home of his nativity, the bosom of his family, and the society of long-loved and valued friends, after an absence on the very outer frontiers of our immense republic, amid scenes somewhat trying and embarrassing. By permission of the eloquent gentleman who had been their organ upon this occasion, he addressed them directly, as he preferred to do. It was more consonant with his feelings to speak without any medium of communication directly to the sea of manly and familiar faces, covering warm and honest hearts, of old and valued friends. He alluded to the address of their speaker, which called him out on the subject of his official action as the Governor of Kansas, and the state of circumstances which there surrounded him; and, after thanking them for the approbation they had expressed of his official action and the high pleasure which such approval must necessarily confer, he said he was reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of the facts relating to the recent election. Indeed, it would be in vain to attempt to disguise or conceal them, humiliating as they were. He should have been surprised to find them so well acquainted with the true state of the facts, and so keenly alive to the oppressive injustice that had been committed, if he had not already ascertained that this knowledge had preceded him all along the route he had travelled. He had found along his whole route the same familiarity with the facts and the same state of indignant excitement. It seemed as though some electric medium had diffused over the country a full knowledge of the circumstances, and that but one sentiment pervaded all parties, sects and factions in the country through which he had passed, impelling them to the strongest denunciation of the recent outrage upon popular sovereignty, and the purity of the ballot-box. It was, indeed, too true that Kansas had been invaded, conquered, subjugated by an armed force from beyond her borders, led on by a fanatical spirit, trampling under foot the principle of the Kansas bill and the right of suffrage. He reminded his hearers of the fact that he had been, as they well knew, an early and consistent friend and advocate of the principle of that bill—he believed in it then, and his opinion was still unchanged. The people of Kansas would ask nothing but that the principle of that bill should be carried out, and that the rights for which they had the sacred and solemn pledge of the nation should be secured to them. That this bill had been repudiated—that those pledges, under which they had gone forth to establish another republic, had been forfeited—it was impossible to deny. He said none knew better than those whom he now addressed how constantly and consistently he had contended for the constitutional and legal rights which had been guaranteed to every section of the Union, and how sternly he had warred against the fanaticism that would violate them. He was ready to oppose the fanaticism that was reckless of the rights of others, come from what quarter it would, and all he asked for the infant and feeble community over which he presided was that their ballot-boxes should be respected, and their rights held sacred. With the decision they should then make, he would rest satisfied. But when they were over-borne by numbers and preparation beyond their power to resist, they must appeal to the spirit of freedom, and the sense of justice among their fellow-citizens of the States, to redress their wrongs by the moral force of a unanimous and determined tone of public opinion that would frown down the wrong and vindicate the right, acting in legitimate and efficient channels.

To every right-thinking man, a constitutional, a legal or a moral right was equally sacred, whether claimed by the North or the South, the East or the West—by a Territory or a State—by an enemy or a friend. That the same feeling which had induced him to stand up oft and again for the constitutional rights of the South, impelled him now to claim, with equal pertinacity, the right of suffrage for the people of Kansas. He could not hold the South responsible for the invasion which had been referred to—nor could be, with propriety, visit the responsibility upon the State of Missouri. Its authors were the fanatic leaders and corrupt and reckless presses of some half-dozen border counties, who had inflamed, excited and deceived their own people, and had then urged this misguided and deluded populace to the commission of the wrong. It was due from Missouri, however, to disavow and repudiate it, and take measures to prevent its recurrence. Failing in this, she might fairly be held to sanction it. If she should thus sanction it, we must appeal to the honour, the justice and the magnanimity of the Southern States, to stay the outrage thus committed by one of themselves, in the mistaken expectation of advancing their common cause. That rebuke and disapprobation from them would be all-powerful, cannot be doubted; and if this reliance should fail, it will be for the rest of the Union to say whether the plighted faith of the Nation to us shall be kept or broken—whether the right of suffrage shall be a reality or a mockery—whether we, their fellow-citizens, shall be freemen or slaves.

The Governor closed by again referring to the old and cherished relations he had sustained with those around him, and with the expression of his gratification and his thanks for the honour conferred, and the regard manifested, by the enthusiastic popular demonstration.

LECTURE BY SENATOR WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Anti-Slavery in 1835 and in 1855 Contrasted.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, a large and highly respectable audience assembled at the Metropolitan Theatre, last evening, to hear a lecture by Hon. Henry Wilson, the recently elected United States Senator from Massachusetts. Subject—"Anti-Slavery in 1835 and Anti-Slavery in 1855 contrasted." The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, and was supplemental to the regular annual course.

The entertainments of the evening commenced

We are up again;
And voices from the mountain heights,
And voices from the vale,
Say for Freedom's fearless hosts,
"There's no such word as fail."

H. W. BEECHER INTRODUCES THE SENATOR.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher then came forward and said: Ladies and gentlemen, it is made my duty, this evening, and a very agreeable duty it is, to introduce to your attention the speaker for the night. I should have no need to introduce him if I were in Massachusetts, where he is well known by his works, and good works they have been, and in a good cause; for I apprehend that he is United States Senator from Massachusetts because that good old State could not "forget her prejudices" in favour of liberty [loud applause]. I do not intend to go over the ground which his remarks will occupy to-night, yet I must confess that I feel the change that has been wrought in the public mind. In 1850 and 1851, I think such a meeting as this would not have been held. I think that Castle Garden Union Everlasting Safety Committee—what was it called?—would scarcely have been found permitting such a meeting as this; and if it had been held, I think that the United States Senators from Massachusetts would not have then been the speakers; or if they had been the speakers, I apprehend that I should not have been the man to introduce them [laughter and applause]. You may understand that the world moves when there has been such a complete revolution of the wheel that I am set to introduce to you the shoemaker of Natick, United States Senator from Massachusetts [great applause]. I regard it as one of the most admirable features of our political system that a man is nothing more on account of his occupation, and nothing less; and as old Connecticut sent Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, to the United States Senate, so Massachusetts has imitated her example, and sent the shoemaker from Natick. Let us, this evening, see what kind of work he can do [applause].

SENATOR WILSON'S LECTURE.

Hon. Henry Wilson then presented himself, and was received with enthusiastic and protracted applause. When silence was restored, he spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens of New York: American Slavery, our connection with it and relations to it, and the obligations which those relations impose upon us as men and as statesmen, make up the grand and overshadowing issues of this age in America. The transcendant magnitude of these issues is now arresting the profound attention of the most gifted intellects of our country and our age. Philanthropists who have sounded the depths and shoals of humanity, scholars who have laid under contribution the domain of matter and of mind, statesmen upon whose lips listening Senates have hung in rapt admiration, are now illustrating, by their genius, learning and eloquence, the vast and complicated issues involved in the grand problem we of this age in America are working out.

I can hardly hope, before this auditory, so often instructed by the genius, learning and eloquence of some of the most cultivated intellects and gifted orators of the age, to say anything worthy of even a passing notice, but I hope so to speak that no one here will have any misapprehension concerning my sentiments and opinions [applause]. If there be one here this night who believes that I am capable, for personal or party purposes, of modifying or qualifying sentiments and opinions entertained by me for nearly twenty years, I commission him here and now to proclaim it—to send it abroad on the wings of the wind—that I am committed, *fully* committed in favour of the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery wherever it exists under the Constitution of the United States [great applause]; that I am pledged now and evermore in favour of blotting out, at once and forever, from the legislation of the Republic every act that recognises slavery, or gives its sanction to slavery, and of placing the National Government in the hands of statesmen who will not permit it to become an instrument for the propagation or extension of human bondage in North America [applause].

I propose, this night, briefly to contrast Anti-Slavery in 1835 with Anti-Slavery in 1855. Those periods are grand epochs in the Anti-Slavery movement, and the contrast between them cannot fail to give us some faint conception of the mighty changes that twenty years of anti-slavery agitation have wrought in America. Anti-Slavery in 1835 was in the nadir of its weakness; Anti-Slavery in 1855 is in the zenith of its power. Then, a few unknown, nameless men were its apostles and leaders; now, the most profound and accomplished intellects in America are its chiefs and champions. Then, a few proscribed and humble followers rallied around its banner; now, it has laid its grasp upon the conscience of the people, and hundreds of thousands rally under the folds of its flag [applause]. Then, not a single statesman in all America accepted its doctrines or defended its measures; now, it has a decisive majority in the national House of Representatives, and is rapidly changing the complexion of the American Senate [applause]. Then, every State trols fifteen sovereign States by more than 300,000 popular majority. Then, the public press covered it with ridicule and contempt; now, the most powerful journals in America are its instruments. Then, the benevolent, religious and literary institutions of the land repulsed its advances, rebuked its doctrines and persecuted its advocates; now, it shapes, moulds and fashions them at its pleasure, compelling the most powerful benevolent organizations of the Western World, upon whose mission stations the sun never sets, to execute its decrees, and the oldest literary institution in America to cast from its bosom a professor who had surrendered a man to the slave-hunters [great applause and some hisses]. Then the political organizations trampled disdainfully upon it; now, it looks down with the pride of conscious power upon the wrecked political fragments that float at its feet [renewed applause]. Then, it was impotent and powerless; now, it holds every political organization in the hollow of its right hand. Then, the public voice sneered at and defied it; now, it is the master of America, and has only to be true to itself to grasp the helm and guide the ship of State hereafter in her course.

One of Freedom's poet, John G. Whittier, has given us a graphic description of the perilous position of the Anti-Slavery movement and its advocates in 1835. Of those dark and gloomy days, he says:

"To be an Abolitionist then was to abandon all hope of political preferment or party favour, to be marked and branded as a social outlaw, and under good society's interdict of food and fire, to hold property, liberty and life itself at the mercy of lawless mobs. It was emphatically the reign of terror. Law was prostrated in the dust, and the few and hunted friends of the slave who, in those nights of terror, laid their heads upon the pillow, did so with the prayer of the Psalmist on their lips, 'Defend me from them that rise up against me. Save me from bloody men.'"

Why and how was it that, in 1835, Abolitionists were compelled to abandon all hope of political preferment and party favour, and to be marked and branded as social outlaws? Why and how was it that law was prostrated in the dust, and the few and hunted friends of the slave compelled to hold property, liberty, and life itself at the mercy of lawless mobs? They had committed no offence against law, humanity or religion; they had simply avowed their purpose to be, in the words of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, "to endeavour, by all means sanctioned by law, humanity and religion, to effect the abolition of slavery, and to improve the character and condition of the free people of colour." Rejecting the wild and guilty delusion that the crime of oppression belonged to past generations and repentance to posterity, they sounded perpetually into the unwilling ear of the country the imperative words of inspiration: "Undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free" [applause].

Rejecting the policy of concession and compromise which had marked the history of the Republic from that hour, when the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, to conciliate the extreme South, struck from the original draft of Jefferson the words that pronounced the African slave traffic to be a crime against human nature, they proclaimed that immediate emancipation was the duty of the master and the right of the slave. In the face of the civilized world they declared that the guilt of oppression belonged to the present age and repentance to the present hour. Their offence "had this extent, no more," and for that offence they were then marked and branded as social outlaws. Now, it is, and it will continue to be "to the last syllable of recorded time," their claim upon the gratitude of the country and the lasting remembrance of mankind [applause].

When a few humble men raised the banner of immediate emancipation, the conquest and subjugation of the North were complete. Institutions of learning, benevolence and religion, political organizations and public men—aye, and the people themselves—bowed in unresisting submission to the iron dominion of the Slave Power. Murmurs of discontent sometimes broke upon the ear of the country. Here and there a solitary voice raised its feeble protest against the domination of the power that had enthralled the heart, conscience and intellect of the subdued and conquered North; but the despotism of that power was overshadowing and complete.

The lecturer then proceeded to take a rapid review of the rise and progress of slavery and the development of the Slave Power, with a view to show how this subjugation of the North had been accomplished. As early as 1443, half a century before Columbus gave the New World to the Old, African bondsmen were imported into Europe by the Portuguese. The Spaniards soon followed this examample, and subsequently transported their slaves to their American possessions. Early [illegible] imported into Massachusetts, but, to the honour of our Puritan ancestors, the men engaged in the transaction were imprisoned and the Africans restored to their native land, at the public expense [applause].

The English Government, however, encouraged the traffic, and, from the middle of the Seventeenth Century to 1776, nearly four millions of the children of Africa were transported to this Western World. The slave trade interest, for nearly two centuries, dictated the policy and controlled the Government of England. Kings and Queens, Lords and Commons, Judges and Attorney-Generals, all gave to that traffic their unrelenting support. In 1749, when the charter of the Royal African Company expired, the ports of Africa were thrown open to the free competition of British commerce. The Colonies were alarmed at the rapid increase of slaves. Virginia imposed a tax upon their importation, but British merchants obtained a repeal of the law. Even South Carolina, as late as 1760, undertook to arrest the rapid importation of slaves, and she received the rebuke of the British Government. The policy of England, for 150 years, was to force slavery and the slave trade upon her Colonies, and they were not allowed, in the words of the Earl of Dartmouth, "to check or discourage, in any degree, a traffic so beneficial to the British nation."

In spite, however, of the policy of England, many of the colonies in New England, on the banks of the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Potomac, advocated emancipation, because they had no contract for the labour of the bondsman, and liberty was his right. When the first Congress assembled in 1774, the humanity of the country, repressed by the Colonial policy of England, found utterance. That assemblage of illustrious men declared that God never intended a portion of the human race to hold property in, and have unbounded power over, others; and they declared that they would not buy slaves themselves, nor import slaves. Influenced by the rising spirit of liberty, the free States took measures tending to emancipation. Jefferson and Wythe, appointed to revise the laws of Virginia, agreed, in 1784, upon a gradual emancipation; but, unfortunately, timid counsels prevailed, and the Old Dominion failed to take her position in the list of free commonwealths. The Adamses, Jays, Hamiltons and Franklins of the North, the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Henrys, and Masons of the South, all believed that slavery would soon pass away under the influence of the ideas they had proclaimed, and the institutions they had founded.

But these illustrious men, who had come out of the conflict for independence with the baptism of freedom on their brows, shrunk from the conflict with the sordid spirit of gain, and the lust and pride of power that still clung, with relentless tenacity, to the policy of slavery. To silence the clamour of South Carolina and Georgia, the framers of the Constitution permitted the slave trade to continue unchecked for 20 years, by national legislation, and admitted a provision into the Constitution under colour of which the Fugitive Slave Acts of 1793 and 1850 were enacted. Freedom thus compromised with slavery; and the policy was commenced with the very foundations of the Government under colour of which the Slave Power has won its victories and extended its influences. In 1789, North Carolina ceded Tennessee to the Union, but upon the condition that no acts made by Congress should tend to the emancipation of slaves; and the first American Congress under the Constitution began the work of concession and compromise by accepting that cession by North Carolina, in providing that the ordinance adopted for the Government of the territory North-West of the Ohio, should be applied to the territory South of the Ohio, excepting the provisions prohibiting slavery.

In 1807, the anti-slavery sentiment of the country had nearly died out. The American Anti-Slavery Society, from the year 1794 to that year, had held Annual Conventions, in which the Southern States were represented. In that year, that Society resolved to meet only once in three years. It soon ceased to meet at all, and soon ceased to exist. In 1819, there was a partial revival of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country. The Missouri contest revealed a startling fact to the country that the race of Southern statesmen who believed slavery to be an evil, to be abolished at some time and in some way, had passed away, and that a new race of public men had taken their places, who believed slavery to be the corner-stone of the Republican edifice. The triumph of the Slave Power in 1820 was overshadowing and complete. The spirit of slavery dictated the policy and swayed and controlled the counsels of the Republic.

Years of the gloomy despotism of the Slave Power followed the consummation of the Missouri Compromise. The conscience of the North was lulled into repose by delusive dreams inspired by the Colonization scheme. The policy of concession and compromise had reduced the North to such an abject condition, that, as has been afterwards declared, if the Anti-Slavery movement had been postponed five years longer it would

obloquy, sneers and reproaches, laid the foundation of the Anti-Slavery movement in America upon the common rights of human nature, and the laws of the living God. In other times, when the movement then inaugurated shall have triumphed, as triumph it surely will [applause]—when the flag of the Republic shall not wave over a single inch of the Continent trod by the foot of the slave—a grateful posterity will turn back to an age illustrated by the services of Adams, Jackson, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and do justice to the motives and deeds, the names and memories of the humble, but heroic, men who laid the foundation of a movement that gave freedom to a race in America [loud applause].

The speaker then referred to the establishment in Boston, in 1831, of a paper advocating the great doctrine of immediate emancipation, and to the organization, in 1832 and 1833, of the New England and American Anti-Slavery Societies. He spoke of the formation of auxiliary Societies, of the partial struggle that followed between the North and South, and of the general disfavour which, even in the North, the doctrine of immediate emancipation met with. Here in New York, he said, the midnight skies were reddened by the light of the sacked and burning dwellings of a degraded and despised race. "To advocate emancipation," says Whittier, "in New York, in 1835, was like preaching democracy in Constantinople, or religious toleration in Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew." He related other well-known incidents occuring in New Hampshire, Connecticut and Boston, illustrative of the hostility of public feeling in the North at that time to immediate emancipation, citing particularly the election by the Puritan Commonwealth of Edward Everett as her Chief Magistrate, and the declaration by General Pierce [laughter], that only a few women and children, and priests, had any sympathy with the fanaticism of Abolition. I apprehend, ladies and gentlemen, continued the speaker, that *President* Pierce has had occasion, recently, to change his opinions concerning the sentiments of the people of New Hampshire [applause]. Even Andrew Jackson, that man of iron will, invoked Congress, in 1835, to forbid by law the circulation of Anti-Slavery documents through the mails, which, he assumed, tended to incite insurrection.

The press of the country, the pulpit of the country, the politicians of the country, all rebuked the heresy of emancipation, and denounced Abolition and Abolitionists. There was one honourable exception in the political journals of the country. That journal was the New York *Evening Post* [applause]. It was then conducted by Wm. Leggett [renewed applause]—one of the bravest and noblest Democrats America ever produced. "I have written," said he on that early day, "my name in ineffaceable letters upon the Abolition record, and I shall live by that record, and die by that record." Honoured forever be the name of William Leggett in every assemblage of American Abolitionists [applause]. But, amid all those scenes of lawless violence, official rebuke and social proscription, the heroic spirits that inaugurated the Anti-Slavery movement did not quail. Their spirits rose and mantled as the storm of denunciation beat upon their devoted heads; they looked danger in the eye, and hurled defiance at power. They knew that the contest between Freedom and Slavery in America was not a war of men, but a war of ideas and institutions. They knew that all things that were pure and holy—all things that had the elements of permanence in them—the noblest pulsations of the human heart—the profoundest convictions of the human soul—the grandest ideas of the human intellect, and the attributes of Almighty God, were with them in that struggle. Through the gloom of the present, like old John Adams in the days of the Revolution, they saw the rays of refreshing light and glory.

The Speaker traced the progress of Anti-Slavery sentiment and power in the North from the time of the Florida war, through the period that intervened until the admission of Utah and New Mexico as slave Territories and enactment of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. Even then, he said, the Anti-Slavery party hurled defiance at these aggressive measures. When those days came—never hereafter to be mentioned by an American without a blush—those days when old politicians tottered up and down the land invoking the people to conquer their prejudices—when merchants assembled at Castle Garden [laughter]—when the sentiment uttered by a great statesman of New York, that there was a higher law, was received with a scoff and a jeer that went up to the throne of Him whose hand moves the stars and heaves the pulses of the deep [applause]—when those days were upon us—when true men were hunted down, and no man could receive an office in the country unless his right hand was bathed in negro's blood—in those days a merchant of New York [illegible] the sentiment of the Anti-Slavery [illegible] referred to the passage of the Nebraska bill in terms of warm condemnation, but congratulated the people on the fact that the haughty and insolent chiefs of the Slave Power, and the Administration under whose lead that act was consummated, have gone down before the stormy wrath of a betrayed and indignant people. Of the 142 Representatives of the North, only 15 supporters of the Nebraska iniquity will darken the doors of the next House of Representatives [vehement and prolonged applause]. For the first time in our history, the North has secured a decisive majority in the next House of Representatives, pledged to the policy of freedom, and a majority received 350,000 of a popular majority [applause]. Lamartine told the corrupt dynasty of Louis Phillipe in the period of its power that there would be in France the revolution of public conscience and the revolution of public contempt. Events bore out his prediction. We have had, in America, the revolution of public conscience, and the revolution of public contempt, and before them the Administration of Franklin Pierce has gone down. It floats, to-day, in the waves of the political sea, where, in the words of another, it is destined to go down so deep that a bubble will never rise to mark the spot where it disappeared [loud applause].

The increase of power to the Anti-Slavery party was exhibited in the recent elections and legislative action of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Massachusetts, in the latter of which the Legislature gave 94 majority in the House, and 16 in the Senate, for the removal from the judicial bench of a Judge who had given a man to a Virginia negro-hunter [loud applause, mingled with hisses]. Come here, he continued, to your own City of New York, and where are the men who voted last year for the Nebraska bill? They have your leave to remain at home with their wives and little ones [applause]. And John Wheeler, who had courage and manliness enough to resist to the last [loud applause], you have placed in the next Congress to vote for the policy of freedom, and I am very sure that he will be true to that policy [applause].

The predominance of Anti-Slavery sentiment in Ohio and the District of Columbia were then adverted to, and the Speaker went on to say that, strong as the Anti-Slavery movement now is in this country, there is extreme danger and peril. I owe it to the truth, he said, to speak what I know on that subject. Anti-Slavery has met power, has fought power, and has defeated power; and to-day it is master of every free State of the North, and may, if it choose, dictate the future policy of the Republic. The present Administration has been defeated everywhere in the North, and now, I predict here to-night, it is to be defeated throughout the South. The South now stands by a Northern man or Northern party that has been sacrificed for his interests; and the South is now going to show another of those acts of gigantic ingratitude that have marked its history. I predict that throughout the South this country we are to have a series of victories over the present Administration; and then, gentlemen, we are to have—not then, we have it now—a demand made upon us of the North to ignore the Slavery question—to keep quiet, and go into power in 1856.

Now, gentlemen, I say to you frankly, I am the last man to object to going into power [laughter]. And especially to going into power over the present dynasty that is fastened upon the country. But I am the last man that will consent to go into power by ignoring or sacrificing the Slavery question. If my voice could be heard by the whole country to-night—by the Anti-Slavery men of the country to-night of all parties—I would say to them, resolve it—write it over your door posts—engrave it on the lids of your Bibles—proclaim it at the rising of the sun and the going down of the same, and in the broad light of noon, that any party in America, be that party Whig, Democratic or American, that lifts its finger to arrest the Anti-Slavery movement, to repress the anti-slavery sentiment, or proscribe the anti-slavery men, it surely shall begin to die [loud applause]—it would deserve to die; and, by the blessing of God, I shall do what little I can, to make it die.

The time has come for us of the free States to see to it that the race of Northern politicians who have served the South can never more serve the North [applause]. We believe in the doctrine, the old Calvinistic doctrine, of immediate repentance [laughter]—of sudden conversion. I mean the doctrine of election [renewed laughter]. And man, unless he is committed—fully committed to the extent of all he is and all he hopes to be in the future—will ever be permitted to serve the North in Congress more. That I regard to be the bounden duty of the people.

Now, if there are any here to-night who would like to build up a new party in America, and we have quite a number of that class of men about the country—and I must confess that I would like to see a new organization in America—an organization that should be truly American whole country, of every colour—but if there are any here who hope to organize such a party and hope to go into power in 1856 by ignoring the Slavery question, I ask them to turn back only seven years in our history. The great Whig and Democratic parties burst on that fatal error.

The time has come for the anti-slavery men of all parties to have it distinctly understood that they cannot be driven or seduced into the abandonment of anti-slavery principles; and they cannot take any lawful part in organizing a party to carry the country, in 1856, that ignores the question of human slavery. The time has come to declare it to the whole country that we are in favour of the immediate abolition of slavery wherever we have the constitutional power to abolish it. Let it be distinctly understood that our object is the emancipation of the bondsmen in America. We do not propose to interfere with slavery in the slave States. In those States they have the power and are responsible for the existence of slavery. But in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, slavery exists there by our authority; and we have the constitutional power to abolish it, and we intend to abolish it [loud applause].

We intend to repeal the act of 1807 under which the domestic slave traffic is now carried on under the protection of the national flag; we intend to repeal unconditionally the Fugitive Slave act of 1850 [applause]. And we mean that Kansas shall never come into this Union as a slave State. Never [loud cries of "No, never"].

Let it be understood, he continued, that we are devoted to the Constitution and the Union. Our object is to make freedom national and slavery sectional. Just before the adjournment of the last session, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, told the Senate that if the next House of Representatives should place upon the Civil and Diplomatic bill a provision for repealing the Fugitive Slave law, or restoring freedom to Nebraska and to Kansas, he should turn his back on the Senate and walk out of the Hall.

A Voice—Let him go.

I venture to say that the Union would stand, and the States would move in their orbit round the central sun of the Union, even if the great luminary from Virginia should be withdrawn [loud laughter]. But there is no danger of Virginia leaving the Union. Why, she has got two or three hundred pledges of her devotion to the Union in the person of the sons of her first families, who are feeding out of the public crib at Washington [laughter].

After some further observations, the honourable gentleman concluded by saying we should take the government of the country, as we had the power to do it. Direct and control its policy, he said, and establish the policy of Freedom, and the slaveholders of the South will quietly submit to be ruled by a majority of the country. At any rate, let the anti-slavery men of all parties see to it, that whenever, wherever and however we may be called upon to act, we shall give our voices and our votes for Freedom, free institutions for all, and chains and fetters for none [loud and protracted applause].

After a song by the Hutchinsons, the meeting dispersed.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855.

☞ The Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention will assemble in Boston, on Tuesday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the Melodeon, and will continue (probably) on Wednesday and Thursday. The official notice will appear next week.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The space at our command, at the very moment for going to press, permits us only to say that the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held on Wednesday, at the Metropolitan Theatre, more than realized the brightest anticipations of its friends. In spite of the drizzling rain and the muddy condition of the streets, the Theatre—one of the very largest buildings in the city—was filled by a select and very intelligent auditory, including many clergymen of various denominations. After the opening speech by the President (Mr. Garrison), addresses, pertinent, [illegible] Brown, Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips; the whole interspersed with Songs of Freedom by the Hutchinson Family. The exercises continued full four hours, and yet all remained till the last, and even seemed anxious for more. Report next week.

CHARLES SUMNER'S LECTURE.

Mr. Sumner having, at our request, kindly furnished us with a proof-copy of his Lecture, in advance of its delivery, we are enabled to lay it before our readers the present week. We write this before hearing the Lecture, and therefore can say nothing of the reception of the speaker, or the number of his auditors; while of the Lecture itself we have only room to say, that, in our judgment, it is no whit inferior to the best efforts of its author. To commend it to the careful attention of our readers would be superfluous.

SENATOR WILSON'S LECTURE.

We have neither time nor room to notice, as it deserves, the admirable Lecture, delivered at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Tuesday evening, by the Hon. Henry Wilson. The report in another part of this sheet, from the *Times*, is tolerably full and far more accurate than such reports generally are. The Lecture was strong in argument, uncompromising in principle (to the very verge of the U. S. Constitution), and exceeding bold in its dealings with the political parties of the time—not excepting the so-called *American* party. Mr. Wilson pledged himself in the strongest terms to the anti-slavery cause, as paramount to every other question before the country, and declared that, come what might, he would never desert that cause, nor swerve for a moment from its advocacy. He was greeted by a large and intelligent audience, and listened to with profound attention and unabated interest to the very close.

The songs of the Hutchinson Family added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, AND CHILD-SELLING.

In the *Foreign Missionary* for April, a periodical issued by the Presbyterian Board of Missions (O. S.), we have an article entitled "Child-selling in China." In this, an account is given of a father offering two of his children for sale. "Extreme poverty" is assigned as the immediate motive of his conduct, but the extinction of natural affection, indicated by the offer, is attributed to the influence of "Heathenism." The account concludes with an appeal to Youth—"Oh, dear young friends, fail not to pity and pray for such, that they may hear and know the truth as it is in Jesus, before they die." In other words, subscribe to the Missionary fund, that the Chinese may be taught that it is wicked to sell their children.

Well, if it be wicked and unchristian for the Chinese to sell their own children, will the missionaries teach them that it is wicked and unchristian to sell other people's children? Is Christianity the same religion in China that it is in the United States? If so, we fear the teaching of missionaries will not diminish child-selling in China, and the "dear young friends" may as well save their money.

Said Henry Clay, in reference to property in man, "that is property which the law makes property." Now, those who dissent from this dictum have been denounced, not merely by office-seeking politicians, but by hosts of Cotton divines, as fanatics and infidels; and Bishops, Priests and Deacons in great multitudes buy and sell the bodies and souls of men. Now, the law—that is, "the powers that be" ordained of God, and whom to resist, we were taught by the chaplains of the New York Union Committee, was a deadly sin—the law, I say, declares the progeny of a slave woman to be the *property* of her owner, although it be his own offspring. It will scarcely be denied, even by the gentlemen are sold freely like other chattels. Runaway slaves often tell us they were the property of their fathers. Constantly fathers are selling their children and grandchildren, and brothers are selling their brothers and sisters. It seems that, in poor heathen China, fathers are induced by "extreme poverty" to sell their children. In Christian America, it is only *rich* fathers who sell their children, for poor men have no slave women to bear them chattels. It is horrible for a Chinese to sell his children, but who dares to say it is unchristian for a rich slaveholder to sell his children? Property is property. Do our Cotton Divines protest against child-selling? Not they. Does the American Tract Society? It condemns selling a glass of wine, but has not a word to offer against selling children. Dr. Adams, appointed censor of the Press of that Society, will be careful to exclude all such fanaticism. Will the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions protest against child-selling? O yes, earnestly and most emphatically among heathen Chinese, but not among Christian Americans. Opposition to child-selling *here* would disturb the peace of the Church. Verily, verily, Cotton Divinity gives great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

A. B.

PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH IN CONNECTICUT.

The *Hartford Republican* publishes the following account of the way in which a slaveholder was admitted to an Orthodox Church in one of the rural towns in Connecticut. If he had been suspected of the slightest taint of heresy in regard to the *creed* of the Church, he would have been unanimously rejected; but as he was *only* a man-stealer, in practice as well as theory, the door of admission was opened for him!

HARWINTON, April 18, 1855.

Friend Bartlett: I have just finished Mr. Gillette's Speech, in your number of the 6th inst., and, having caught a glimpse of your invitation to friends to send you something for publication, I snatch up my pen to respond to the call, to scribble a page and send it eastward. I cannot tell you of sunny days, of green fields and cheering flowers, for winter's sting is on us yet, cold snowy banks are by our side, and we often sigh and wonder when will summer come. But when we stop and think, we can almost see great good in [illegible] God's great store house, ready to let fall in his own good time to beautify, enrich and cheer, to make the barren grow, the almost lifeless to bring forth.

And now, while nature is dead, man is moving round, each in his own chosen sphere. Some love a holy life free from all blame, and without care; some love to study, read and think; some love to drink, carouse and swear; and some, alas! walk in the oppressor's suite. The case of one I now will state.

A few years ago, a resident of this town went South, went into business in Alabama, and made a handsome fortune and returned, and is now living in our quiet village, and is the owner of four slaves. A few weeks ago, he presented a letter of recommendation from a church in Eutaw, Alabama, to a church in this place. Objections were made to receiving it, and then came the tug. Everybody knew it was wrong to uphold slavery, and, after much discussion, and spending nearly half a day upon the question, the church adjourned four months, and the letter was quietly withdrawn. It was a rebuke to the "monster Slavery," and he felt it. Well, what was done? Why, the spirit of slavery among us rallied its forces, and got up a petition, secretly, for a special meeting, which was held, and without reconsidering the former doings, they pushed in the slaveholder.

Now, why was he received?

1st. He was a man of wealth.

2d. He belonged to the popular political party (if politics ever get into the church).

3d. He came recommended.

4th. He had been a leading Elder, and came recommended as such; and finally, the doctor approved of it, and the lawyer too, for he married South, and why? Dr. ——— was born in Maryland, and Dr. ——— thought it would be popular, and never hated Slavery very much; for if he had, he would not have circulated the petition; and then Mr. ——— has three sons trading South, and Mr. ——— has two; in fact, our old men used to go South, and their sons have done likewise, and have married there, and are making money and—ain't Slavery going to have its own way? It triumphs in Kansas—it shoots school-masters in [illegible] niggers in the South—shall it not put its bloody hand upon Northern churches?

Rush.

Scene in the Massachusetts Senate.—H. C. Wright, in an account—published in the *Liberator*—of the circumstances attending the final vote in the Senate upon the Removal of Loring, relates the following incident:

"There was a deed done in the Senate Chamber to-day, trifling in itself, but most significant of the times. Garrison came in just before the vote was taken. He was invited behind the bar by Senator Hitchcock, and took his seat on a window-sill, with others. I saw the Sergeant-at-Arms, or an assistant, go into an adjoining room, bring out a chair, and present it to Mr. Garrison, to sit in near the President of the Senate. It was done kindly and courteously, as to one who had come in to witness the triumph of a principle which, amid obloquy, contempt and threats of personal violence from Church and State, he had publicly defended for more than twenty-five years! It was worth a journey across the Atlantic to witness this—not because it was of importance in itself, but as it marks the progress of anti-slavery in this republic. Could I help but look back to the day, in '35, and think how Garrison, as the personification of anti-slavery, was dragged, in open day, by a mob (in the language of the times) 'of five thousand gentlemen of property and standing,' through the streets? I could not. I feel pleased and happy as I look down and see the incarnation of Liberty in our country sitting there to witness the triumph of a cause watered with his tears, and sustained by his stern and noble devotion to principle. What a contrast between 1835 and 1855!—and the future will tell how much Garrison and his coadjutors have had to do in producing this change—in creating this new heaven and new earth, for such it is."

Wm. Wells Brown at the West.—Mr. Brown has just finished a seven weeks' tour through the State of Ohio, where he lectured to large audiences and to good acceptance. Besides speaking at the Convention just held at Cincinnati, he gave several lectures to the coloured people of the Queen City, on their own improvement. His last lecture to them on, Self-Elevation, was attended by a very large number, and, at its close, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed in favour of the speaker. There are in Cincinnati, as well as in many other towns on the borders of the slave States, large bodies of coloured persons who have purchased themselves, or been emancipated, and have no education. To such, Mr. Brown's lecture could not be otherwise than beneficial. Having escaped from slavery, and obtained his education by dint of his own energy and determination, overcoming all obstacles, he could speak to his audience feelingly and from his own experience. On his return, Mr. Brown lectured at Cleveland and other points on the line to New York. The Cleveland *Morning Express*, speaking of Mr. Brown's efforts there says:

"Mr. Wm. Wells Brown, last evening, delivered a very interesting lecture on slavery; not in a ranting, slip-shod style, but earnest and well-illustrated. His reading of history furnished him many allusions with which to dress his subject, and none were wearied.

"Mr. Brown illustrated the encroachments of slavery by a reference to Cortez and his compeers, leaving their homes, and, when arrived at the country of Montezuma, destroying the ships, so as to cut off all retreat of his men. Cortez then marched with his men towards the golden city—Mexico—but was met on the road by deputations from Montezuma, bearing presents, and begging them to return to their own country. Cortez begged permission to rest within the gates a short time, and recruit their strength. Montezuma permitted them to rest; that was his great error. Our fathers permitted slavery to rest within our walls, that was their great error."

The Hutchinson Family will sing in Philadelphia on Friday evening of this week, and on Monday evening, the 14th instant, in Concert Hall. Our friends in that city are too well acquainted with these songsters to need any information in respect to them from us. We cannot doubt that they will give them a cordial welcome and full houses.

☞ So large a space of this week's paper is taken up by Mr. Sumner's Speech that we are compelled to apologise

MRS. NANCY CLARKE, M.D.—This lady, who is well known to many of our readers, after graduating at the Cleveland Medical School, settled in Boston. One year ago, she went to Paris, to avail herself of the advantages there offered for the study of her profession. The following notice of her, from the Charleston (S. C.) *Medical Journal*, though tinctured by the prejudices of the writer, will be read with pleasure by her friends:

"An interesting novelty, in the shape of an American female M.D., can now be seen nearly any morning in one or other of the hospitals of Paris. Miss or Mrs. Clarke—such is the name of the lady—looks rather more interesting, I imagine, than most of the few of her sex who have thus thrown aside the most prominent feature in the character of woman, and entered the domains of our science. I have encountered her several times in the wards of M. Dubois, where she seems to be attentively and courageously observing the diseases of the parturient state. Her attention, though, seems not to be of an exclusive kind, as I have heard of her in the surgical amphitheatres of some hospitals, witnessing bloody operations. She is decidedly good-looking, with large retreating blue eyes, dark hair, and a countenance which at once denotes intelligence and resolution. Her bearing is certainly modest; yet, when at the bedside of particular patients undergoing examination, and surrounded by medical students of the other sex, you can often notice the forced action of her lips restraining a smile, prompted, evidently, by feeling the ludicrousness of her situation. M. Dubois, and also his excellent '*Chef de Clinique*,' Dr. Campbell, treat her with great attention, often troubling themselves to explain to her, in English, as she understands at present but little French. Mrs. Clarke lately applied for dissections at '*Clamart*,' but this very properly was refused her."

MASSACHUSETTS OPINION.—The Boston *Bee*, heretofore a strong pro-slavery journal, thus defines the present position of Massachusetts in regard to matters pertaining to slavery.

"The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by the passage of the Act known as the Nebraska Bill, has done more towards changing the views of New England men upon the subject of slavery than anything else ever enacted in Congress. A vast majority of those who stood up firmly for the Compromise of 1850 are now the warmest advocates for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act. And this feeling is not strictly confined to New England. Everywhere in the Free States the sentiment is encouraged and openly expressed. The people have lost confidence in compromises; they have lost confidence in all legislation that leads to an infringement upon State Rights.

"The Fugitive Slave Act is now considered unquestionably one of the most offensive pieces of legislation which ever had the sanction of Congress. At the North it has created a general feeling of repugnance and even of horror. By large numbers it is reprobated as clearly unconstitutional, particularly as an assumption of power by Congress which is nowhere delegated to it, and an infraction of rights secured to the State, and also a denial of trial by jury in a question of human freedom. Others, who have expressed no opinion of its unconstitutionality, have been aroused by its inhumanity, and its open disregard of principles and sentiments which are associated with the rights of all. Under these circumstances public opinion in the free States has demanded the repeal of the act. Legislatures, by solemn resolutions, have made themselves the organs of this public opinion; and Courts, too, have aided it by declaring the act unconstitutional."

THE QUESTION OF LORING'S REMOVAL.—We learn from the Boston *Telegraph* that the Joint Legislative Committee appointed to present to His Excellency, Gov. Gardner, the address adopted by the two Houses, asking him to remove Edward Greeley Loring from the office of Judge of Probate, performed the duty assigned them one day last week Hon. O. W. Albee, the Chairman, addressed the Governor as follows:

"The Joint Special Committee appointed by both branches of the Legislature to wait on your Excellency and the Honourable Council and present their joint address for the removal of Edward Greeley Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, now have the honour to submit to your Excellency the said address, and respectfully ask that your Excellency, by and with the advice of the Honourable Council, would be pleased to grant the prayer of the Legislature."

His Excellency replied as follows;

"*Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:* Be pleased to announce to your respective branches, that their address for the removal of Edward Greeley Loring has been received, and that it shall receive the earliest attention of the Executive Department of the Government."

The Committee then withdrew.

The Hunker-Whig press are trying the influence of flattery upon the Governor, in the hope of inducing him to kill himself and his party by refusing to comply with the request of the Legislature. The Boston correspondent of the *Herald*—a shrewd politician, generally well posted—thinks the Governor will not set his foot in that trap.

A SLAVE-CATCHER AT HIS PRAYERS.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Columbian*, writing from Cincinnati, relates the following incident:

"The first Sabbath during the pendency of the question of Rosetta's freedom in Cincinnati, the Rev. Slaveholder (Dennison) went home to Louisville to minister to his own congregation. The second Sabbath he spent in Cincinnati. Among those who were in attendance upon the proceedings was Judge H——, of Indiana, a well-known philanthropist, whose interest became greatly enlisted in the case. Being religiously of the same denomination to which the Rev. Dennison claims to belong, Judge H——, on Sabbath evening, entered one of the churches to participate in the services. He entered an empty pew near the door, and had not been long seated, before the Rev. Dennison himself, with others, came into the same enclosure. Judge H—— was annoyed by the very loud and fervent responses of the Rev. gentleman, during the fore-part of the service; but when he came to the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, he could stand it no longer, and, instead of the usual repetition, responded, raising his own voice for the occasion—'May the Lord have mercy on all hypocrites!' The clerical worshipper started, and looked round nervously, as though he felt it a personal admonition. But the service went on, and the clerical gentleman uttered the next response with a lower voice, and a tone of apprehension; but he was again greeted with the response of the Judge, louder than before—'May the Lord have mercy on all hypocrites!' The Rev. gentleman started and stared more nervously than before, and was silent thenceforth to the close of the service."

"THE RACES AND SLAVERY."—We see in some of our Massachusetts exchanges highly flattering notices of a lecture on the above subject, recently delivered, in Boston and other places, by Dr. J. S. Rock, an educated coloured physician and dentist, formerly of Philadelphia, now of Boston. The *Middlesex Journal* says: "He has rare talents, is a handsome speaker, and his lectures evince a fine education, superior scholarship and much careful research." The *Woburn Journal* says: "He affords a striking refutation of the paltry, though oft-repeated, argument that the African race is not susceptible of high mental and scientific cultivation." It is one of the most cheering signs of the times, that so many coloured men are coming forward and taking, deservedly, a high rank as scholars and orators. The anti-slavery movement has done much to diminish the power of prejudice, and thus open the way to success for men of the proscribed class. This should encourage Abolitionists everywhere to persevere in their labours, and especially to bear a faithful testimony, both by precept and example, against that disgusting moral disease, the colourphobia.

SOUTHERN TRADE.—We copy the following paragraph from the commercial column of the *Independent*. It is understood to have been penned by the head of an extensive silk importing house in Broadway, who is thoroughly acquainted with the business affairs of the city.

"Our merchants are more crowded with business just now than at any time this season. Many Western buyers are in market the second time, making liberal purchases. Trade in the interior is good in almost every section. Collections are coming in with a degree of promptness not anticipated early in the year, in view of the hard times. These remarks, however, are intended to apply to the Free States almost exclusively. Both trade and collections are bad from the South. Not more than half so many goods have been sold this spring to that section of the country as usual, and we do not believe one-half of the total amount due New York from there, since January, has been collected. The great fever for 'Southern trade' has had its day. Our merchants are satisfied, most of them, that twelve months' credit with the privilege—of twelve more, and repudiation at the

CORRECTION.—We have received the following note from the Secretary of the new Abolition Society, which, of course, we cheerfully publish, remarking only that the mistake, on our part, was a very natural one, considering the antecedents of some of the gentlemen who have been active in the formation of this Society.

OFFICE OF THE N. Y. CITY ABOLITION SOCIETY,
48 *Beekman street, 4th May*, 1855.

EDITORS OF THE STANDARD: I perceive you have fallen into the error of supposing that the Abolition Society of New York City and vicinity excludes females. Nothing of the kind was thought of or intended. The word "*his*," in the Constitution, is used as the pronoun for "ANY PERSON." The connection shows this.

In framing *statutes*, it is seldom thought necessary to write "him *or her*" when the connection shows that "any person" is intended. The meaning is sufficiently understood.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM GOODELL,
Secretary New York City Abolition Society.

THE *Practical Christian*, the organ of the Christian Socialists of Hopedale, entered upon its sixteenth volume with the issue of Saturday last. It is a sheet of moderate dimensions, and is published but once in a fortnight; but we think there are few papers in the country that do more good than this earnest, enlightened and whole-souled expositor of Practical Christianity. It is as catholic in spirit as it is beneficent in its aim, as generous in its treatment of opponents as it is firm in its defence of the principles it holds and promulgates. On the question of slavery it stands side by side with the STANDARD, battling nobly and fearlessly for uncompromising Abolitionism. Terms, $1.00 a year in advance. Address Wm. S. Haywood, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

THE WISCONSIN DECISION.—In the case of Booth, convicted for a violation of the Fugitive Slave law in aiding the rescue of Glover, and afterwards released from imprisonment by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, a writ of error has been obtained, returnable to the Supreme Court of the United States, for the purpose of determining the question of the limit of the jurisdiction between the Courts of the States and those of the United States. There is no doubt what the decision of the United States slave-catching Court will be in this case, but what can they do? Booth is out of their clutches, and the people of Wisconsin are not in the mood for allowing him to be again caged. We shall see what comes of this effort to override the sovereignty of the States in order to make slave-catching an easy and a respectable business.

WHAT WILL THE PRESIDENT DO?—Letters from Washington state that the President is much embarrassed by the attitude of affairs in Kansas. The slaveholders of Missouri, led on by Atchison and Stringfellow, have carried matters to such extremes, that he hesitates to endorse their conduct, and yet, on the other hand, he shrinks from offending them by sustaining Gov. Reeder. A telegraphic dispatch, dated the 3d inst., hints at a way in which the difficulty *might* be obviated, thus:

"A distinguished Virginian, now in Washington, says the President can decide the Virginia election by the removal of Gov. Reeder and the appointment of Judge Loring, of Massachusetts, in his place, and he is strongly urging the Administration to pursue that course."

CHANGE OF TIDE.—The *Newburyport Herald*, heretofore one of the stanchest of all the Webster-Hunker journals of Massachusetts, thus noticed Mr. Sumner's Lecture, after its delivery in that place:

"Charles Sumner's lecture on Friday evening filled the City Hall with the most intelligent audience that has there collected this season. He spoke two hours and twenty minutes, during which time the most profound attention was given, and all went away pleased with the address and proud of the man."

Massachusetts Hunkers are evidently "conquering their prejudices."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—A majority of the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, to whom the petitions for the abolition of the gallows were referred, reported unfavourably, while a minority submitted a bill to effect the object prayed for. In the House, one day last week, the report of the minority was *substituted* for that of the majority by a vote of 136 to 110. The bill, consequently, took its place on the calender, and we hope it may pass to be enacted, though the session is so near its close that we fear it may not be reached.

CONNECTICUT.—The new Governor, William T. Minor, in his message to the Legislature, recommends that the proposed amendment to the Constitution, extending the right of suffrage to coloured citizens and requiring all voters to be able to read and write, be allowed to go to the people for adoption or rejection. He commends the Prohibitory Liquor law in strong terms.

THEODOSIA CHAPLIN, wife of W. L. Chaplin, died suddenly, a few days since, at Glen Haven, near Skaneateles. The writer of this knew her, ten years ago, as a warm-hearted and faithful Abolitionist, and makes this record of her departure with feelings of regret and sadness, as well as of sincere sympathy with her kindred and friends.

New Publications.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM; ITS FACTS AND FANATICISMS. By E. W. CAPRON. 12mo., pp. 438. Partridge & Brittan.

We commend this work to all those who are curious to learn the history and progress of the phenomena usually termed "Spiritual Manifestations." Mr. Capron has had unusual facilities for investigating the whole subject; he is regarded by all who know him as a man of studious and careful habits, and of inflexible integrity and independence. He is a believer in the "manifestations," but he does not hesitate to expose the follies and fanaticisms which have been foisted upon the cause by weak-minded and enthusiatic, though well-meaning, spiritualists. Whether the reader accepts his conclusions or not, he will not fail to perceive the intelligence, candour and discrimination which mark his treatment of the subject.

THE *Freewill Baptist Quarterly* for April is on our table. Its contents are as follows:

1. Latter Day Revelations: the Mission of "The Spirits"; 2. The Religious Sentiment; 3. The Education of the Apostles; 4. Posthumous Usefulness; 5. Mahan's Intellectual Philosophy; 6. Christ's Second Coming; 7. Contemporary Literature.

Of these articles we have only read the second, and that, for the most part, we like exceedingly well. Its analysis of the powers and functions of the "Religious Sentiment" is evidently the result of careful thinking, while its style is worthy of the theme. We are sorry that a paper so noble in its purpose, so admirably conceived, and, for the most part, characterized by so generous and Christian a spirit, should be marred by a passage of such marked injustice as that in which the writer refers by name to one of the noblest men of the age, and charges him and his friends with "insisting that the *exercise* and *development* of the Religious Sentiment are *only* to be sought—*no matter by what means, under what teaching, or with what results*—provided only that the subject be not a hypocrite. This theory recognises no liability to abuse," &c. We must try to believe that this shocking misrepresentation is the fruit of nothing worse than an honest misconception, but we confess it is difficult to understand how a man capable of writing such an article *could* so misconceive the views of another. Why, the very author referred to, so far from teaching that there is "no liability to abuse" of the Religious Sentiment, has exposed such abuse in a manner which might almost tempt the suspicion that his critic, in some parts of this very article, had come pretty near plaigirising his argument! This Quarterly, however, with all its faults, is yet, on the whole, so catholic in its spirit that we are always glad to see it. Our wonder is, that it can be so good without being still better.

PROGRESS IN BOSTON.

WEST NEWTON, Mass., April 19, 1855.

Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: After a four years' absence from my native State, you will not be surprised that I was anxious to see for myself exactly the position of the Anti-Slavery question. I got here too late to procure a ticket to the Independent Course of Lectures for money. I had almost said for love; but the kindness of my friends was equal to the emergency, and I finally obtained what I sought. In private, I thought the signs decidedly more encouraging. Whole families who would not speak upon the subject when I left New England, now entered upon it of their own accord, and many more interrupted themselves in the midst of apologetic remarks to say, "Pray, don't think I am pro-slavery!" without seeming to be in the least aware of their own self-delusion.

It was sad to find the rebellious few more bitter than ever before; and to one who had breathed a pure air, the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the old revolutionary beacon was too close to be borne. Dear old Boston! for dear to my heart are every one of its crooked streets, precious every stone it contains, from that which stands at the head of old Cotton Mather's grave to the migratory pebble in the Macadmized road; dear old Boston, when will it emancipate itself from the lower law, and lead the way, as it did in '76, to the foundation of a true freedom?

The attempt to remove Loring—the absurd indictment of Parker, Higginson and others—perhaps I should add, the publication of the "South-Side View" of Slavery—have made this a very exciting winter. My little boy came home from school, the other day, greatly excited about the Indictment. "What does it mean, mamma; what is it for?" I explained it to him, pretty much as Attorney Hallett might have done, without one expression of indignation, for I am very careful not to put my own ideas into my children's heads, and then lead them into the mistake of supposing them their own. He listened intently, seemed surprised at my quiet manner, and then said, indignantly, "It's not true, then, mamma, what Ricketson said at our last Declamation—

'No chains upon our Bay State,
No slaves within our land'—

for they are slaves, and they wear chains, if they cannot speak what they think!" "Yes, indeed," chimed in a little girl of five years, "and don't you know, mamma, that at Jenny Wren's wedding, the very pleasantest part of it all was that

'every one said
What he happened to think?'"

Ricketson, or rather his poet, Whittier, must look out for his reform laurels, which are not a little endangered by such innocent handling.

Such causes have given peculiar interest to the lectures I speak of. Some of them, of course, had no very high claims, but five of them were, from differing causes, extraordinary. I refer to those of Greeley, Beecher, Emerson, Houston and Sumner.

Mr. Greeley interested everybody, not so much on account of his subject as on account of himself and the originality with which he treated it. There was a true manhood in him, which instantly claimed our respect.

Mr. Beecher spoke with his usual dramatic power. It must be a relief to a congregation, who think it sinful to attend a Theatre, to listen to his preaching. It is certainly the next best thing. I was told that Dr. Adams was present at this lecture, and I believe it, because I observed upon the platform an elderly clergyman, whose uneasiness all the proprieties of the place could hardly restrain. He must have enjoyed the artistic skill with which he was cut up.

Mr. Emerson's lecture was extremely beautiful. I like to hear every man press his own inmost thought; therefore, I was glad to hear him propose that the North should learn to think it possible to buy the slaves of the South. This proposition has never been agitated sufficiently to convince the common mind of its impracticability. I cannot help wishing that if there are twenty men in the State of Massachusetts who believe it can be done, they would band themselves into a Committee and make a proposition to that State which has the fewest slaves, namely, Delaware. Verily, I should be afraid, "in crossing that *subjective* bridge," of falling into most "*objective* water;" but until its strength is tried, there are thousands who will believe in it, and one effort of this kind, undertaken by those who could conscientiously make it, would enlist hundreds, who are too practical, to care for any step depending on an Anti-Slavery *majority*, which they look upon as the "forlorn hope" of the battle. "Now, we may know what lecturing is, since this is highest preaching," said Platonic Alcott, as he came forth from the Porches of the Temple into unbelieving Athens.

Mr. Sumner's lecture, you are to have the pleasure of hearing in New York. It will be no ordinary pleasure, for, though he was looking so pale and ill that it made one's heart ache to see him, when it was delivered here, he rose almost instantly above his own physical condition, and, speaking from his inmost soul, spoke also with his uttermost power. When I am ashamed of being a Bostonian, I remember that he, too, is one, and so console myself. I wish that some of our own friends would imitate him, in the conscientiousness of preparation. I sometimes hear men, whom I respect, speak on this subject in such a slip-shod fashion that I am heartily ashamed of my cause. Mr. Sumner never makes a statement that he cannot sustain, nor expresses a conviction that has not become firmly rooted.

One question he answered for young people who are asking what they can do in this matter. "Speak fearlessly, but courteously, your true thoughts." We all know how, in the heart of many families, this subject is "tabooed;" how, in general society, young people are afraid to say what they think about the removal of Loring, or any other exciting topic, lest they should be classed with fanatics and other "pestilent people," and so change into wall-flowers, before their time.

Those who do not vote, owe a certain debt to one standing honestly in the breach as Mr. Sumner does. His efforts, and those of his friends, will at least partially check the flood we have no radical power over as yet.

I have not forgotten Mr. Houston. He was so very "bonne" a "bouche," that I had to put him aside to the very last. Very little was said about him, but he was too instructive a lesson to be passed over at this reading. Some of the papers were indignant at the applause *we* gave him. I say *we*, for if no one else had clapped, I surely must, out of sheerest pity. He evidently stood in great awe of his Northern audience, and tried to propitiate their prejudices in every way, praising their patient courtesy and general enlightenment in advance; after which, what could we do *but* clap? It happened that, on the very night of the lecture, a petition was circulating through the audience for the removal of Judge Loring, and just behind the orator's seat a fearful appeal in letters several inches long,

"REMOVE JUDGE LORING!"

and every time the unhappy man turned round, this stared him in the face, and he came back from the Committee to the audience more ghastly and bewildered than ever. For myself, I wanted to hear the peculiar institution bravely and conscientiously defended. Yes, I wanted to, for such a defender is the only opponent worthy our meeting; and as the poor old man went on, I besought my old friend, Mr. Calhoun, to come back in the spirit, if he might not in the flesh, and assist him. With John C. Calhoun, alas! perished all honourable sincerity, all manly power, on the part of the South. Will you have patience with me if, at so late an hour, I recall some of Gen. Houston's statements. "Ignorant, obstinate old man," I could not but think, "you have entered a tourney for which your failing strength is entirely unequal."

In the first place, he told us that the two races

lished—a remarkable statement, to say the very least, when we consider the fact of British emancipation; and then, as if afraid he had shocked us too much, he added that *he* was *not responsible* for the existence of slavery.

Who is responsible, let me ask, for the holding of Gen. Houston's slaves, if not he?

He informed us that slaves have the light of religion, civilization and morality. He ought to have added that there was a church and a magnetic telegraph on every plantation, that the marriage rite was always respected, and every woman's sense of honour secure. That by way of commentary.

The Southerners, it seems, are perfect Jews in their observance of the Sabbath. He had never known but two masters who were accused of employing their slaves upon the Sabbath, and *they* were universally shunned. No one would consort with them or trust offices of distinction to them. Would he have us believe that this was *merely* on this account, or that the Sabbath of household slaves could be freely observed. We have been in many Southern families of distinction, where the in-door labour went on on Sunday exactly as on other days, excepting that, from press of company, it was rather more severe.

Only a very bigoted class of persons could see any connection between this statement and the subject of the lecture. Absolute rest for every slave, on every Sunday, could not justify the existence of slavery, because the master has always the power to deprive them of it, and would give them as a privilege what God entitled them to claim as a right.

The Compromises of 1850, he said, had given to the entire country a tranquillity never before dreamed of. Where was that tranquillity? We never heard of it here at the North. According to Mr. Houston, it was first broken by the jarring cry of Nebraska—a cry raised, he tells us, by the North.

I should wish to lie hidden in the President's Cabinet for a while, before I decided with whom that guilt lay. It was, to be sure, he said, only an abstraction that was clamoured for. Policy governs slavery, and policy would prohibit it above Mason and Dixon's line! Alas! how can man dare to reiterate such wicked and palpable absurdities? A little further on, he told us that if we had begun to build railroads before the abolition of slavery, we should have kept our slaves to this day! What had become, in that case, of his impassable Mason and Dixon's line? If slavery were to be abolished, he added, Northern spindles must stop. He appealed to Jamacia again as a proof that both whites and blacks suffer from freedom; and stated that wherever fugitives have been left to their own resources, they have proved listless and lazy, *never* industrious.

How a member of Congress, who has it in his power, and who ought to make it his *business* to consult the reports of the Parliamentary Commissioners on this subject, dare to make such a statement, I cannot conceive? In Canada, perhaps I should say in Toronto, the black population are thrifty and prosperous, never—except in old age or sickness—paupers. I think you could hardly do a better service to the cause than to publish abstracts of the reports on British Emancipation.

"How could two races exist together without amalgamation?" I wonder how any Southerner dares to start this question in the face of facts. I reply to Gen. Houston's query, that this amalgamation has always existed between slaves and their masters, and that it is for the best interests of both that it should be legalized.

"All we ask," he added, "is to be let alone." Doubtless, that is all that the imps of the Inferno ask; but, there is a power in Life and Nature which refuses to let such sinners alone.

He repeated the old story that a slave cannot live healthfully at the North. Facts refute this every day, as well as the rash assertion that they are the happiest people on earth. Then, he asked, did any one ever hear of a slave committing suicide! Poor old man! Surely, you cannot read many Southern papers. You never could have read the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Again, he said, the South would have given up slavery of its own accord if it could have got foreign labourers! As if every child of ten years did not know that it is slavery that keeps foreign labour away; and if it were not, what becomes of his argument that white men cannot work under a Southern sun!

Altogether, this was the most remarkable lecture that I ever heard. It was so painful an effort that I did not wonder that the lecturer was compelled to pause in the midst to wipe his face, and untie his neckcloth. Gray hairs are honourable, we are told, but not when they only show how many years a man has been deluding himself and other people. If this is the best the South can send us, we have little to fear.

I have not alluded to Wendell Phillips's noble lecture. A distinguished foreigner once said to me that no city in the world besides Boston could boast two such orators as Phillips and Sumner. Their efforts in the course just closed have been worthy of each other; but in Phillips's case, there were sentiments of interest which could enter into no other. When he stood before his immense audience, it was a brief reünion with long-parted friends, and thronging memories filled not only his own heart, but that of every one who felt with and for him. If his voice thrilled with feeling, which overmastered bodily sickness, his defiant eye, and very slight acknowledgment of the deafening applause, said plainly—"I think little, very little, of all your admiration for silver tones and oratorical powers, while you are incapable of appreciating the moral force of my position." It was to him an hour of triumph, but a sad hour also.

Often, since my return from Canada, have I been addressed concerning the best way of sending money and clothes to fugitives in Canada. Will you allow me to say, in these columns, once for all, that I consider it very inexpedient to do either. The local Societies are amply able to do all that is required. A great deal of assistance is also sent from Scotland. I speak positively for Toronto and Hamilton, where wages are good and labour scarce. There might be, now and then, an exceptional case.

With true regard, I am, yours, &c., C. H. D.

THE CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your paper of last week, I see a report of the doings of the Cincinnati Anti-Slavery Convention, which, I think, does some unintentional injustice to Mr. Orson S. Murray. In referring to him, your correspondent says: "O. S. Murray took the platform, and it was soon evident enough that his object was not so much to speak of slavery as to attack the Bible." The resolution before the Convention was one affirming the anti-slavery character of the Bible, and Mr. Murray, or any one else, had a perfect right, if they thought the Bible sanctioned slavery, to say so. The remarks of Mr. Murray on what he termed the false teachings of Jesus were called out by a question which had no reference to the discussion. In my opinion, the Chairman should not have permitted the question to be asked or answered. But, as the question was put, Mr. Murray had a legitimate right to answer it in his own way, and this brought up the subject of "infidelity." I had never met Mr. Murray before, and certainly have no sympathy with the view which he takes of the Scriptures; but I do think that he acted most gentlemanly toward his opponents in the discussion. His general behaviour to those who differed from him appeared to me to be more Christlike than that of some of his clerical opposers. From the beginning, there seemed to have been a wish, on the part of certain persons, to stamp the Convention with the stigma of "*Infidelity*." After the issuing

assembled, another call was put forth for a "*Christian* Anti-Slavery Convention," as if to let the public know that the meeting to be held by the Anti-Slavery Society was to be an infidel gathering. And it was evident that those of the of the clergymen who opposed Mr. Murray, with the exception of Dr. Brisbane and Mr. Rankin, were more anxious to brand the anti-slavery cause as an infidel movement than to answer the argument of Mr. Murray. One of these clergymen declared that the "majority of the Cincinnati clergy were anti-slavery, and it was the fear of becoming associated with infidels that kept them away." When asked why these "anti-slavery" ministers did not call a Convention themselves, this clergyman could make no reply. Another minister of a pro-slavery church, which is in full fellowship with slaveholders, had the impudence, in his reply to Mr. Murray, to speak of William Lloyd Garrison and Abby Kelley Foster as "the greatest hindrance that the cause had to contend with." I regarded all these frothy speeches as intended to call the Convention from the pro-slavery character and shortcomings of the Cincinnati clergy, the most prominent of whom (Rev. Mr. Boynton) declares that he will not work with any but "Evangelical anti-slavery people." It has always seemed strange to me that these pretended anti-slavery clergymen can sit at the communion-table with ministers who are not only pro-slavery, but who hold that the Bible is the foundation of slavery, are so easily disturbed if an infidel comes on an anti-slavery platform, and says what many ministers say in their pulpits, every month in the year. These Cincinnati clergymen, who appeared so frightened at what Mr. Murray said about the Bible, would, either of them, gladly welcome to their pulpits the Rev. Dr. Lord, or the Rev. Dr. Adams, either of whom has done more to give the Bible a bad character than anything that was said in the Cincinnati Convention by Mr. Murray. If one will only profess to take the Bible as his guide, he can say what he pleases against it without being called to account. Let him commence with a prayer and end with a benediction, and all will be right There is one of three things connected with the call for the Cincinnati "Christian Convention" which ought to open the eyes of the friends of the slave in southern Ohio. The call was either put forth to draw attention from our Convention, or to fasten upon it an infidel character, or in the belief that there was anti-slavery power enough in the Church to enable it to get together a body of men who should work in an evangelical way for the extinction of American slavery. If the false alarm was made for the purpose of injuring the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, these Cincinnati clergymen should be watched. If they were honest, and could not succeed in getting up a Convention, then it shows the weakness of the pro-slavery Church of this country. W. W. B.

PROTEST AGAINST BAD LAWS.

From The Massachusetts Spy.

IT was my privilege to celebrate May-Day by officiating at a wedding, in a farm-house among the hills of West Brookfield. The bridegroom was a man of tried worth, a leader in the Western Anti-Slavery movement; and the bride was one whose fair fame is known throughout the nation—one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled by the private beauty of her heart and life.

I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws, in respect to marriage—a system by which "man and wife are one, and that one is the husband." It was with my hearty concurrence, therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony, and I send it to you, that others may be induced to do likewise. T. W. HIGGINSON.

PROTEST.

While we acknowledge our mutual affection, by publicly assuming the sacred relationship of husband and wife, yet, in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promise of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognise the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honourable man would exercise, and which no man should possess.

We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband—

1. The custody of his wife's person.
2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.
3. The sole ownership of her personal and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics and idiots.
4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.
5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.
6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that, in most States, she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property.

We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited, except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognised by law; that until it is so recognised, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws, by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise, no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus reverencing law, we utter our protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence of Law. (Signed) HENRY B. BLACKWELL,
LUCY STONE.

Summary.

ESCAPED.—A runaway slave made his escape to Canada, across the river at Black Rock Ferry, Monday afternoon. He was from Washington county, Maryland, and was helped on his way by the agency of the underground railway of this city.—*Buffalo Courier, 18th ult.*

RATHER INSINUATING.—The *Crusader* asks, "Will any person of good character and veracity give us the name of that Catholic Bishop, or Archbishop, who lately, on board of an English steamer from Liverpool to this port, was quite inebriated, so much so as to fall in the Engineer's room. Also, what kind of liquor was found in his berth, and what offer he made to conceal the incident?" When such a question is so asked, it is fair that the querist proceed to answer, with all convenient speed, whether any bishop or archbishop was in the predicament stated.

CONDUCTORS, LOOK OUT!—We are informed that a servant girl, belonging to a gentleman in this city, was arrested at Weldon, N. C., a few days since, on her way to New York. She had passed on the cars, closely veiled and gloved, thus far, as a lady, and was only discovered at last by the slipping of one of her gloves, which disclosed her complexion. A year or two since, a very valuable servant girl escaped from this place to New York in the same way. Conductors on the cars cannot be too careful in this respect. With proper tact they can easily ascertain, without reasonable offence, the character of those persons who travel muffled and *incog.*—*Montgomery* (*Ala.*) *Journal, April* 19.

ANTI-SLAVERY CHURCH ACTION.—Hamilton Presbytery, Ohio, has directed its commissioners to the next General Assembly, New School, to ask that body to insist on compliance, on the part of Southern Presbyterians, with its request for statistics and facts relating to slavery in churches under their care; and if they refuse to do this, to adopt measures, in the spirit of the Gospel, looking toward an entire separation from them, painful as the sundering of existing fraternal ties may be. The same spirit is widely prevailing at the West and cannot fail to result in a strong rebuke of the sin of slaveholding at no distant period.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

THE "OUTRAGE" ON THE BARK HICKMAN.—A passenger on the bark Thalia, which vessel was present at the time the Spanish cruiser fired three times at the bark Hickman, states that the H., contrary to all established rules, did not show any colours when the man-of-war hove in sight, nor even when two shots had been fired, and was only brought to by a point-blank shot. The Thalia had previously passed the Spaniard, shown her colours, received a courteous salute in return, and gone on her way unvisited. And so might the Hickman have done, had not the Captain stubbornly concealed what every honest vessel is supposed to be proud of showing—the National flag.—*Tribune.*

DARK FEARS.—An alarming rumour obtained circulation on the Eastern shore of Maryland recently. It was to the effect that the negroes were about to rise and exterminate the whites. The Cambridge *Democrat* says: "Our officers have been busily engaged for several weeks past in searching their houses and taking all the guns, &c., they could find in their possession; which is all right and proper, as the law prohibits negroes from keeping guns, without a permit from the court, we believe. We have never given much credit to the rumour, but think it all right that the officers of the county should go round every month or so, and see that everything is going on right with

THE NEW METAL.—The Paris Academy of Sciences has been experimenting on the new metal recently announced as being contained in abundance in common potters' clay. A report has just been presented to that body by M. Delville, which says it can be manufactured cheaply from that article, and is apparently destined, at no distant day, to supplant copper, iron, brass and tin in many if not all manufactures. The qualities of this metal, producible from so cheap and accessible a raw material, are stated to be the lightness of glass, the whiteness and brilliancy of silver, malleability and ductility nearly equal to those of the precious metals, the tenacity of iron, and the fusibility of copper; so that it may be rolled, drawn, hammered, and filed into every variety of form.

CUTTINGS OF THE PRUNE.—There have recently been imported from France the cuttings of several varieties of the prune, which have been distributed in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, northern New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and several points on the Alleghany mountains, to be engrafted on the common plum-tree. Why these places have been selected is in consequence of the absence or comparatively few curculios in these regions. In most other parts of the United States this insect is a great bane to the plum trees, and often cuts off the entire crop. From the coolness of the climate in Maine, and almost entire absence of this insect, it is the opinion of good judges that this State is capable of producing a sufficient quantity of prunes for the whole consumption of the Union.

Anthony Burns lectured at the Phenix Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening of last week, to a large audience, and very much to their satisfaction. He recounted his experience in slavery; the sufferings to be endured to obtain freedom; his arrest in Boston, together with the tragic scenes of the dark and damning deed of his return to slavery; and his treatment after reaching Virginia. His lecture cannot fail to kindle anew in the hearts of all a stronger opposition to that curse of all curses—American Slavery. We hope he will repeat his tale throughout the length and breadth of the North, so that all may see the disgraceful deeds to which our Government lends its power, and for the perpetration of which the Administration is bending all its energies.—*Concord (N. H.) Ind. Democrat.*

SLAVERY UNPROFITABLE IN TEXAS.—From a private letter, dated Houston, Texas, April 4, to a gentleman in this city, we cull a paragraph:

"I have talked (in private) Anti-Slavery to a great many persons here, and find that they coincide with us (the Anti-Slavery party) in every particular save one, and that is the mode of remedy. They say the Government ought to buy up all the slaves, and send them off to Africa; others say they wished there never were any slaves in the country. In connection, allow me to state that the cotton raised and picked here by the Germans who have immigrated to this State is worth, in this market, from ¼ to 1¼ cents a pound more than that which is attended to by slaves—proving conclusively that slave labour is not the most profitable."—*Tribune.*

A friend hands the *Tribune* the following extract from a private letter, dated "Utica, April 27, 1855," written by the foreman of the printing office in the State Lunatic Asylum:

"I have now with me in the printing office the man who was foreman of it before I came. It is his third return in a state of *delirium tremens*. The operation of the Maine Law, if adhered to, will relieve the Asylum of quite a number who otherwise could not be trusted out. Here is also Mr. Tucker, the Brooklyn editor and printer, who, you remember, cut his son's throat, and attempted to destroy his wife. He has greatly improved since he came here. He has considerable talent as a writer, and is a very useful contributor to *The Opal*, a monthly periodical we print here, edited and written by the patients in the Asylum. Besides these, I have with me at work in the printing office, two drunkards, a glutton, and an incendiary."

A SUPPOSED SLAVER.—A brig, supposed the "Horatio, of Thomaston," was taken into Key West on the 27th ult., by the pilot-boat Champion. She was fallen in with on the 22d, about 15 miles S. E. from Sand Key, with no person on board. It was supposed, from the appearance of the vessel, that she had been or was fitted out for a *slaver, as she had many water casks on board, with a deck over all, such as is used for carrying slaves.* By referring to our marine register, we find that the brig Horatio, Capt. Martin, cleared at this port on the 1st November last for the *Coast of Africa*, and was seen on that coast about the end of December, or in the early part of January; but, from that time, nothing has been heard of her unless she has turned up as above. It is very probable that she has landed a cargo of slaves on the Coast of Cuba, and then been set adrift. Farther particulars will be found in the letter of our Key West correspondent.—*Jour. Com.*

TEMPERANCE — TO THE POINT. — We have never seen scriptural quotations more aptly applied than in the following dialogue, which took place at the table of Bishop Doane:

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that, 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop at this state of the proceedings, our informant did not state.—*Buffalo Democrat.*

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN BELOIT, WIS.—From a private letter at Beloit, we learn the following particulars of a dreadful tragedy which occurred in that place on the morning of the 23d inst.

The wife of a citizen of that town was awakened from her sleep, on the morning of the 23d, by a noise which she heard in an adjoining apartment. In a moment more she saw a gleam from a dark lantern, held by a man in that room, and, screaming with affright, awoke her husband, who was sleeping at her side. As he sprang from the bed, the intruder fired at him with a pistol, the ball just missing his head and burying itself in the pillow. Snatching a double barrelled gun from the wall, he discharged both barrels at the intruder. The contents of one barrel entered the man's head, and the other his body, killing him instantly. Leaving the body where it fell, the gentleman and his wife proceeded to the nearest neighbour, told him what had happened, and induced him to return with them to his house. But imagine the feelings of the neighbour, himself a man universally esteemed and respected, to recognise in the mangled body of the dead robber, *his own son!*

Upon returning to his house, the father found his son's room unoccupied, the window open, and a rope ladder extending from the window to the ground.

The gentleman who shot the robber had suffered the loss of two gold watches some time before, in a mysterious manner, and now attributes their theft to this person.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A CORRECTION FROM LIBERIA.—The following is an extract of a private letter from President Joseph J. Roberts, of Liberia, to a gentleman in Philadelphia. It was dated at the Government House, Monrovia, Feb. 16, 1855, and was received by the Bark Estelle, at this port:

"Mr. Washington's letters, published in the *Tribune*, have been received and read by the people here with much astonishment. He gives a dark picture, certainly, of social life in Liberia; and were his statements correct and truthful, well might Liberia 'blush for shame.' I have not spoken to him on the subject of them, but I am informed he confesses that he wrote under false impressions with regard to some things, and from the misrepresentations of other persons with respect to other things, which he thought it his duty to condemn.

"Now, no one will deny that the arrangements of this society, for the care and support of immigrants are not perfect; and in many instances immigrants from various causes, have suffered greatly—but that *they* suffer to the extent, or that the suffering is so general among *new* immigrants, as Mr. Washington would imply, is not the case. His letters contain many exaggerations, and his story about 'raw-hides and cat-o'-nine tails' is a perfect farce. It is true the mortality among the immigrants by the 'Morgan Dix' was great; but even here Mr. Washington is greatly at fault. Of that company, instead of nine, as he asserts, more than sixty now survive, and are doing well. Mr. Pinney has inquired, and I believe impartially, into all these matters, and will report the result of his investigations on his return to the United States. I doubt not he will place the whole thing in its proper light, wheresoever the blame may attach."—*Tribune.*

MUSIC IN THE WORK-HOUSE.—The Hutchinson Family, by special invitation of Mr. Eldredge, the Superintendent, and Miss Beers, the Matron, visited the Work-House, on Blackwell's Island, on Saturday and Sunday last. On Saturday evening, after the inmates had gone to their apartments for the night, the vocalists went into the Hall of the Female Department, where, in the hearing of all, they sang several of their most pathetic pieces. The inmates were as much delighted as surprised. They then visited the Male Department, and sang several more pieces, among others the "Song for Cold Water." The Halls are so constructed as to give the best effect to the music, and those who heard it will not soon forget its delightful strains. On Sunday morning, the Family, by request, took part in the religious services of the Female Department, in the Chapel of the Institution. They sang with marked effect, "My Mother's Bible," "The Good Old Days of Yore," "Where now is good old Jacob?" "Where shall the Soul find Rest?" &c. The effect of the music was seen in the tears which moistened the cheeks of not a few of the unfortunate but delighted listeners. In the afternoon, they visited the Male Department, and introduced the services by singing "My Mother's Bible," being unable, on account of fatigue, to do more. The Superintendent and Matron believed that the influence of the entertainment upon the discipline of the Institution would be highly salutary, and that such a token of regard for the welfare of the inmates would do much to win their confidence and encourage them in their efforts to reform. Slowly but surely advances the idea that kindness, even in the management of prisoners, is more potent than severity. The Work-House is governed upon this principle, and is proving even more successful than its original projectors anticipated.—*Tribune, 1st.*

A CAPACIOUS CARPET BAG.—Meanness occasionally meets with a shock that is a lesson to all concerned, especially to the victim. On the Cleveland cars, a day or two since, coming to Buffalo, was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was one who, when there was a cent due him that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice a $50 bill to save the copper. Our friend had started from Cleveland without any breakfast; and when Erie "hove" in sight, he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet bag with him, and going into the dining-room at Erie, deposited his carpet bag on one chair, while he took another by its side. He was lost for about ten minutes—perfectly oblivious to anything, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something rapidly and agreeably filling up his "inwards." About this time, the landlord came round, and, stopping by our friend's chair, ejaculated, "Dollar, Sir." "A dollar," fre- only charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?" "That's true," said *meanness*, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet-bag, full to its wide mouth, discoursed unto it, saying: "Carpet-bag, it seems you're an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat"—upon which he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, and pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least $8 worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.—*Buffalo Republican.*

ALLEGED SLAVE PIRACY.—James C. Darnan the captain of the brig Grey Eagle, who was arrested in August last, on the charge of taking on board his vessel at some port on the coast of Africa, 600 negroes, with a view to make them slaves, was arraigned yesterday morning, and pleaded not guilty to all the counts in the indictment.

The allegations are, that the Grey Eagle was an American vessel, and owned by George Marsden, Samuel S. Grey, John A. Machado, or by some owner or owners unknown, and that the negroes were taken on board the vessel on the 1st of April, 1854.

The defendant has been in prison ever since his commitment by the U. S. Commissioner to take his trial. The negroes were landed on the coast of Cuba; and upon the arrival of one of the crew at Havana, he gave information to the American consul, who sent the witnesses to New York, with such other information as he was able to procure, in order to secure the arrest of the defendant, who had escaped from Havana, and was believed to be in New York.

The defendant came to Philadelphia, and was shortly afterward arrested by U. S. Marshal Wynkoop, and his deputies, at a sailor boarding-house in Penn street. At his hearing before the Commissioner, some five or six witnesses were examined, who testified that the defendant was one of the captains of the brig Grey Eagle, and had charge of the vessel on her return voyage from the coast of Africa to a port in the Island of Cuba; that he landed the negroes on the Island of Cuba, near Cabanos, by bribing the officer stationed at that point, and received for his cargo several hundred thousand dollars, which was shared among the owners, officers and crew of the vessel. Several of the counts of the indictment charge the vessel with being a foreign one, but allege the defendant to be a citizen of the United States.

The trial is for life or death. The case may eventually turn upon whether the defendant is a citizen of the United States.—*Phil. North American, May* 2.

DIED.

CLOTHIER.—In Riverton, N. J., near Philadelphia, on Fourth day evening, 2d inst., after a protracted illness, in the 48th year of her age, Hannah F., wife of Caleb Clothier.

Special Notices.

☞ The Annual Meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Oxford (Friends' meeting-house), on Seventh day, the 26th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. LIZZIE COATES, Rec. Sec.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING.—The Third Annual Meeting of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society will be held in Stamford Hall, Auburn, on the 6th and 7th of June, 1855.

The opening session will take place on Wednesday, the 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when it is to be hoped there will be a full attendance of Members of the Society and friends of the cause.

Arrangements have been made to secure the attendance and aid of distinguished speakers of both sexes, and it is hoped that this gathering, held so soon after the passage of a Prohibitory Law by our Legislature, and just preceding the time at which that law takes effect, will be not only profitable, but highly interesting to all who may attend.

We cordially invite all Temperance Organizations, of whatever name, to send delegates to this meeting, and unite with us in our rejoicing in the triumph of a glorious common cause. We also cordially invite these representatives of fraternal Societies to come prepared to take part in our deliberations and aid us by counsel and encouraging words.

Come and celebrate with us the jubilee of the oppressed of the rum traffic, for whom the day of redemption is at hand; and with us devise means by which the blessings of the "Maine Law" may be secured to the people of this State.

The hospitalities of the citizens of Auburn have been generously tendered to the Executive Committee and Members of the Society, and to delegates from other organizations who may convene with us. As Auburn has many attractions, and our meeting is to be held at a most delightful season of the year, it is hoped that, together with these inducements, and the great claims and important interests of the objects of our meeting, the attendance may be large and enthusiastic. MARY C. VAUGHAN, President.

ANGELINA FISH, Cor. Sec'y.

N. B. New York exchanges and editors friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above call.

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Miscellaneous Department.

MISPRINTS.

If the art of printing be one of the most useful inventions which the world has known, the art of misprinting is certainly one of the most ingenious. Misprinting, in its best—or worst—acceptation, does not simply consist in mere blundering, but in blundering so peculiarly as exactly to invert the sense of the original, and make a writer say the reverse of what he intended. There is one noticeable feature beyond all the rest in errors of the press: they occur in the very places where they most affect the context.

Ménage accounts for this very naturally. He says: "If you desire that no mistakes shall appear in the works which you publish, never send well-written copy to the printer, for in that case the manuscript is given to young apprentices, who make a thousand errors, while, on the other hand, that which is difficult to read, is dealt with by the master printers." This is an experience which authors very soon acquire; many of them agree so thoroughly with the learned Frenchman, as to imagine, apparently, that the worse they write, the better they will be printed; and, that the printer, like a great general or a celebrated beauty, does not care for too easy a conquest: give him a difficulty to overcome, and he summons all his energies to contend with it; but make the path easy for him, and straightway he walks into a slough.

As to the places where misprints inevitably occur, that is a fatality apart from all considerations of good or bad writing. No caligraphic precautions can guard against them. It is a question of pure chance whether, when you intend to be particularly clear and emphatic, you may not be made extremely muddy and inconclusive. Much depends, perhaps, on the printer's opinion of your grammar and punctuation; but, some have held that typographical errors are foredoomed. A Mohammedan says: "It is written," and submits calmly to his fate; a Christian author in a similar fix, exclaims: "It is printed," and is neither calm nor resigned. It is of no use to tell him that "Things without remedy should be without regard." He belongs to an irritable race who, in such matters, never forget nor forgive. Of all the mistakes that are committed in this world, a misprint is the most indelible. A lady may make a false step; a gentleman's memory may be treacherous, and lead him to suppose himself (commercially and autographically) somebody else; all sorts of moral mishaps may chance; but these things are retrievable; there is always a door open for repentance, or the exercise of greater discretion. But a misprint is a fixture that cannot be removed. The book that contains it goes forth to the uttermost parts of the earth: its track is lost, though its existence be beyond a doubt. You try to call in the present edition—and fail; and you fail for this reason chiefly, that thorough-going book collectors set an additional value on an imperfect copy; it is so pleasant to think that an author's reputation is at their mercy. To print a list of errata is, in nine cases out of ten, only to advertise your misfortunes in the most conspicuous manner. If you satisfy the public that the mistake was another's—a result by no means certain—you never can shut your eyes to the fact that the disfigurement will last as long as the paper on which it is impressed. Therefore, your implacability against the printer.

It is a painful but natural consequence of enormous reprinting, but in no work have so many faults been perpetrated as in the Bible.

Pope Sixtus the Fifth caused an edition of the Vulgate to be published in Rome, in fifteen hundred and ninety, every proof of which he had carefully corrected himself; and, at the end of the volume he affixed a bull, by which he excommunicated any one who should venture to make any alteration in the text. This bull caused a great deal of amusement—for the Bible was found to be full of mistakes; and the Pope, in consequence, was obliged to suppress the edition. A copy of it is a great rarity, and of course fetches a high price. Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire," says that a large-paper copy was disposed of at the sale of Camus de Limare for twelve hundred and ten francs. I dare say it would fetch a great deal more at Sotheby's, at the present moment. The English Bibles contain several remarkable misprints. The edition of sixteen hundred and thirty-four, printed in London, has, in the Twelfth Psalm, "The fool hath said in his heart there is God," instead of "there is *no* God." This edition was suppressed by order of the King. In another London edition (sixteen hundred and fifty-three, in quarto), we read, "In order that all the world should perceive the means of arriving at *worldly* riches," instead of "godly riches." The editions of Field, the printer to the University of Cambridge in the seventeenth century, are full of misprints. It is said that he received a present of fifteen hundred pounds from the Independents to print "ye" for "we," in the sixth verse of the third chapter of the Acts, in order to make it appear that the right of choosing their pastors emanated from the people, and not from the Apostles: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, whom ye (we) may appoint over this business." In the same Bible, in Corinthians (I. vi. 9), we find, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall (not) inherit the kingdom of God," omitting the second "not." At the Clarendon Press, in sixteen hundred and seventeen, a Bible was printed which was known as the Vinegar Bible, on account of the title of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the Vineyard," is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." To show how dangerous it is to assert infallibility while correcting the press, I may mention that in the Curiosites Bibliographiques (a scarce book, though published in Paris only in eighteen hundred and forty-seven), from whence I have derived several of the above-noticed misprints, the word "vinegar" is printed "*vinegard.*" The omission of the negative has occurred more than once in printing the Seventh Commandment. This happened with an edition published in the reign of Charles the First; and for making it, the printers were summoned before the High Commission, and fined three thousand pounds. The same omission occurred in the thirty-fourth edition of the Bible, printed at Halle, which was confiscated, and is now a great biblical rarity. All scriptural misprints are not, as we have seen in the case of Field, the result of accident. There is another on record, which betrays a deep and—may I add?—a most nefarious design. It was the design of a printer's widow in Germany to upset the whole system of the domestic economy. A new edition of the Bible was being printed in her house; and, one night when all the workmen were absent, she rose from her comfortless couch (a German bed always is comfortless, lie in it how you will), and proceeded to the printing-room, there to tamper with the type and falsify a text that had caused her much trouble. Her defunct spouse had, without doubt, given her frequent cause to protest in her heart against that sentence of woman's subjection which is pronounced upon Eve in the third chapter of Genesis. To rescue her sex from its false position, she resolved to alter the relative positions of the parties, by taking out the first two letters of the word "herr," and cunningly replaced them by "na." By this means the decree ran, "And he shall be thy FOOL (narr)," instead of "he shall be thy LORD (herr)." This substitution, though submitted to in domestic life—as, I dare say, was the case—was not suffered to pass unpunished by those who were in authority, and the widow was burnt for heresy. Some copies of this edition are said to have been secreted, and are possibly to be found in the private libraries of a few strong-minded women.

But, besides the Bible, there are many other works whose basis is religion, which have been treated so carelessly by the printer, as almost to justify the supposition that has been more than once entertained, of diabolical interference. A work intituled Missæ ac Missalis Anatomia, printed in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, contains one hundred and sixty-eight pages in octavo, and errata occupying fifteen pages. The compiler of the errata, to excuse their number, relates the various artifices resorted to by the devil to frustrate the good effects which the book would have caused. "When the work was printed," he says, "that cursed Satan made use of all his tricks, and succeeded in disfiguring it by so many mistakes (for certain passages contain no sense at all, and others give exactly the contrary meaning to that intended) in order to prevent the pious from reading it, or to weary its readers so effectually that none, without extreme disgust, could get to the end of the volume. Even before the manuscript was placed in the printer's hands, this same Satan threw it in the dirt, and it was so defaced with wet and mud, that the writing was almost effaced, and whole pages were entirely spoilt. Besides, the book was so terribly torn, that not only was it impossible to read it, but it could not be opened without the leaves separating from each other. Therefore, in order to remedy these artifices of Satan, it has been found necessary, after printing, to go entirely through the work, and set down all the mistakes, notwithstanding their great number." I am very much inclined to think that the devil who threw this book in the mud, was the printer's devil.

The fate of Cardinal Bellarmine's Controversies, was even worse than that of the Anatomy of Missals, although his eminence refrained from ascribing it to diabolical agency. Being vexed at perceiving, on close examination, that numberless errors existed in all the editions of the work in question, he had a manuscript copy made which was entirely free from faults, and confided it to a printer at Venice, with the strictest injunctions to be careful and correct. His precautions, however, were useless, and he found himself under the necessity of publishing a book entituled, Recognitio Librorum Omnium Roberti Bellarmini (Ingoldstadt, sixteen hundred and eight, in octavo) in which he pointed out all the mistakes that had been made in the Venetian edition. The errata occupied eighty-eight pages by itself. The author complains bitterly in his preface, that in more than forty places the printer has made him say "yes," for "no," and "no" for "yes." Another learned man, the Dominican F. Garcia, found yet a lower deep than Cardinal Bellarmine. He published in fifteen hundred and seventy-eight, in quarto, a list of the mistakes which had crept into the existing impression of the Trance of St. Thomas. It occupied a hundred and eleven pages. While on the subject of mistakes by wholesale, I may mention the first edition of the works of Pico de la Mirandola, published at Strasburg in fifteen hundred and seven, in folio. It contains a list of errata of fifteen pages; "the most," says Chevillier, "that I ever remember to have seen in so small a volume." It was not that mistakes abounded because of the novelty of the art of printing, for, nearly a century and a half after its invention, it appears that the works printed in Paris were so incorrect as to elicit the animadversion of the Government. In issuing a series of regulations to the librarians of that capital in sixteen hundred and forty-nine, the department charged with the superintendence of printed works observes: "There are so few good books printed in Paris, and what are printed are evidently so greatly neglected, both on account of the bad paper and the want of care in printing, that it may truly be considered a national shame, and an injury to the State." Paris has long been free from the reproach of inaccuracy, though there is still something to amend in a general way with respect to the quality of the paper.

Commend me, however, for bad materials, to the country in which printing originated. I have before me, amongst other German books which closely resemble it, a copy of Ehers's large Wörterbuch, published at Leipsic, in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, that seems, from the colour and texture of the leaves, to have been printed on old blankets liberally interwoven with glistening fragments of straw. But, perhaps, in a Dictionary a little chaff is allowable.

The greatest printers have always been distinguished, not only by the beauty of their type, but by the correctness of its appliance. Aldus Minutius, in the supplication which he addressed to Pope Leo the Tenth (prefixed to his edition of Plato, in fifteen hundred and thirteen), says that he experienced so much regret when he discovered mistakes in his editions, that he would willingly, if he could, correct every one of them at the cost of a crown of gold each. And, after all, he would not have expended any very large sum, for accuracy is as valuable a feature of the Aldine editions, as the clearness and delicacy of the printing. The Errata of the Commentaries on the Latin language, by Etienne Dolet, indicate only eight mistakes, although the work is in two volumes folio. Only three appear in the treatise of Budæus, De Asse, printed by Vascosan; and, if the Scaligeriana is to be trusted, Cardan's treatise, De Subtilitate, by the same, in fifteen hundred and fifty-seven, contains not a single misprint. These statistics, however, are somewhat dull; let me turn to a more lively branch of the subject.

A very notable misprint is to be found in the works of Rabelais, which very nearly got him into trouble. The monks and doctors of theology, furious against him on account of the vituperative epithets by which he assailed them, eagerly sought in his works for the means of convicting him of heresy. A council was held at the Sorbonne, and the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of the third book of the Pantagruel were selected as the pièces de conviction (proof against him). The former of these, which is a sermon after the usual fashion of Panurge, against the mendicant friars, contained—they decreed—in one word, twice repeated there, and once in the latter chapter, the entire principle of Atheism. It was the substitution by the printer of "asne" for "ame"—"ass" for "soul." These are the passages: "Il ha grievement peché Son *asne* s'en va à trente mille panerées de diables." ("He has grievously sinned; his ass is sent to thirty thousand paniers-full of devils.") "Il est par la vertus beuf, hérétique. Je dy hérétique formé hérétique clavelé hérétique bruslable comme une belle petite horologe. Son *asne* s'en va à trente mille charetées des diables." ("He is, by the vertus bœuf (an untranslateable oath) a heretic I say a heretic formed with the rot,[*] a heretic fit for burning like a pretty little clock. His ass is sent to thirty thousand cart-loads of devils.") "Au moins s'il perd le corps et la vie; qu'il ne damne son *asne.*" ("At least, though he lose both body and life, let him not damn his ass.") On these grounds the doctors of the Sorbonne formally denounced Rabelais to Francis the First, and requested permission to prosecute the author. In all matters of heresy Francis was as severe as an inquisitor-general; but, in this instance, he resolved to judge for himself before he handed over his favourite writer to the tender mercies of the Dominicans. He had not then read the offending chapters, and caused the book to be placed in the hands of the most learned and accurate reader in the kingdom, himself carefully listening the while, to detect the heretical passages. He failed to discover them, and no proceedings consequently were taken against Rabelais, who, in the epistle at the head of the fourth book dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon, ridicules his principal accuser, whom he calls a serpent-eater (mangeur de serpens) for founding a charge of mortal heresy on the insertion of an N instead of an M, through the fault and negligence of the printers. There is, however, very good reason for supposing that the misprint was intentional. If so, poor Etienne Dolet, who could print so well, suffered for it shortly afterwards, when, at the stake, he expiated less doubtful heretical opinions. Foiled in their endeavours, the enemies of Rabelais, at a later period, shifted their ground, and unable to convict him according to the letter of his writings, attacked their spirit, accusing him of double meaning. However open to the charge, Rabelais defended himself in a very grave and pious tone, and succeeded in persuading Henry the Third, to whom the accusation was addressed, to take off the interdict, which for a long time prevented the continuation of the Pantagruel.

Erasmus was a sufferer also, both on account of misprints and misinterpreted meanings. The Faculty of Theology of Paris censured him for an unlucky mistake made by his printer in the paraphrase of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, where "amore singulari" appeared instead of "more singulari"; and he was accused of continuing theology to Germany, because they chose to read in that sense a passage in his Enchiridion, in which he praised the "Germanam apostolorum theologiam," or *genuine* (not German) apostolic theology. It was scarcely less a crime in their eyes that he should, in the Lord's Prayer, have substituted "peccata" for "debita."

"Besides the ordinary errata," say D'Israeli the elder, "which happen in printing a work, others have been purposely committed, in order that the errata may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Wherever the Inquisition had power, particularly at Rome, it was not allowed to employ the word *fatum* or *fata* in any work. An author desirous of using the r word, adroitly invented this scheme: be had lprinted in his book *facta*, and in the errata he put '*for facta, read fata.*'" A more amusing instance of misprinting by design is told of Scarron, though in which edition of his works I am unable to say, as it is not to be found in that published at Amsterdam in seventeen hundred and twelve, or in the Paris edition of seventeen hundred and nineteen; but it is too likely not to be true. He had composed a poetical epistle, which, as the subject fully admitted of it, he dedicated to Guillemette, the female dog of his sister ("A Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur"); but having quarrelled with his relation, he maliciously put into the errata, "au lieu de 'chienne de ma sœur' ('female dog of my sister'), lisez 'ma chienne de sœur' ('my female dog of a sister')." A more recent intentional misprint occurred in Belgium two or three years before the events of eighteen hundred and thirty. Amongst those who mainly prepared the way for the revolution which was to expel the House of Orange, were a number of young litterati, who, the better to carry out the object they had in view, purchased the Courrier des Pays Bas—at that time a very influential newspaper. They did not make any immediate change in the personnel of the editorship, but retained the editor, who was a Frenchman, and a Jesuit into the bargain. In a short time, however, they found that the articles which he wrote militated against their policy; and they limited his contributions to the feuilleton. The ex-editor accordingly became desirous of informing his friends at a distance of the change that had taken place; and he made the newspaper itself the medium of communication—not directly, but after this fashion. The motto of the Courrier des Pays Bas was, "Est modus in rebus," from the well known line in Horace; and the Jesuit, to make it apparent that there was a hitch somewhere, substituted "nodus" (a knot), for "modus" (a manner); and for three weeks the paper was published daily before the misprint was discovered.

No one in England feels disposed to advocate the censorship of the press; but if one of its functions, as the duty is performed in Spain, were exercised here, it might not be amiss. A few errors which occasionally startled the town would not then have been committed. In Spain, says Chevillier, there has long been established a police for the correction of the press, by means of which it is attempted to oblige printers to be vigilant and make fewer mistakes. Before permitting the sale of a book, it is examined by the censor, who compares the printed copy with the manuscript, and marks all the misprints. The errata which he has made is then prefixed to the first sheet, and the censor's signature is attached to a statement, which declares that, except the mistakes indicated, the book is faithfully printed. This kind of attestation is also found in some French works. In a few are found the names of the correctors. The police of the press in Madrid appear to be less particular in their relations with foreign countries; for, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, all the printed envelopes of the Madrid paper which were sent to the Daily News ran as follows: "She Edictor of the dacly Nevves, 90 Heet Streez." I must record, in honour of the ingenious postman who was charged with conveying them to their destination, that they never miscarried.

Allowance must, however, be made for printers who have to exercise their art in a language unfamiliar to them. I, therefore, am not so highly irritated as some authors of my acquaintance when I find, in French words where *n* and *u* occur, that the wrong letter is invariably selected by the English typographer. French authors are not I hope so susceptible in this matter as they are in most others, or I should greatly pity the frantic state of rage into which they ought to be thrown at the way in which the British tongue is mutilated in print when they attempt a quotation from our literature. I met with one the other day, in a late number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, where the alteration of a single letter produced a very ludicrous effect. The writer, being sentimental, and at Venice, was disposed to quote Byron, and began with the first line of the fourth canto of Childe Harold. He probably wrote it correctly enough, but the printer rendered it as follows:

J stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs.

Now when a man says J. did so and so, thinks that Jones, or Jackson, or Johnson did it, but if the subject be poetical, I leave it to you to imagine what become of the poetry. Anglo-French is ridiculous enough, but I am inclined to think that French-English is even more so. For fear of disturbing the entente cordiale, I shall not cite any examples just now, but as I am not withheld by the same scruples in regard to the dominions of King Bomba, let me give the following specimen of Neapolitan English, which was copied not long ago from a printed advertisement in one of the Neapolitan newspapers. It is necessary to observe that the word "Fine-Hok" corresponded to "Belle-vue" in the French of the parallel (explanatory) column, but it was not stated that cabaret in the one language, and pot-house in the other, would have better expressed the true character of the establishment.

> Restorative Hotel Fine Hok kept by Frank Prosperi facing the military quarter at Pompeii. That Hotel open since a very few days is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen for the exactness of the service and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town to visit the monuments now found and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors, of that sepult city and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder occasioned by tardy and expensive contour of the iron whay people will find equally thither a complete sortment of stranger wines and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables, coach-houses, the whole at very moderated prices. Now all the applications and endeavours of the Hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers which will require without doubt to him into that town the reputation whome, he is ambitious.

These Bellevues, or Belvederes, are dangerous things to meddle with. A lady of my acquaintance one saw an announcement in the window of an hotel at Basle that it possessed "A Belvedere that likes to take a walk."

Foreign editions of English books abound in misprints, though very frequently they are not mere errors of the press, but arise from editorial misconceptions of the real meaning. I have a small pocket edition of Childe Harold, published by Campe of Nuremberg, in which occur the following variorum readings. In canto three, stanza eighty-two, are these lines:

They made themselves a fearful monument
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the breath of time:——

Fearful is printed frightful, and breath bird. Again, in stanza one hundred and eighty-one, canto four, where the poet, apostrophising the ocean, says of the oak leviathans that sail on it, "These are thy toys"—for this last word the German printer substituted tops, by which, I confess, I was at first rather puzzled, until it struck me that whip-tops or peg-tops must have been in his mind's eye when he thought of ships becoming the sport of wind and wave. Before Byron is dismissed, I must speak of one of the strangest misprints that, perhaps, has ever occurred; for it was committed without being discovered by the author—sensitive as we know he was—or by the public who have, for years, admiringly quoted his lines. The stanza which follows the one last cited runs thus:

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since;——

A skilful critic was very recently, reading this passage, and when he came to "Thy waters wasted them," be paused. Wasted what? Where is it on record that the Mediterranean sea has wasted the shores that surround it? What part of the coast—European, Asiatic, or African—has been overwhelmed by the tide, and then left desolate? The ruins of Tyre are still a landmark; the rock of Salamis still overlooks the wave; the site of Carthage remains. Tyrants may have wasted those shores, but the waters never. There must, then, be some mistake. Could the critic have access to the original manuscript? It was produced and examined: and, as much to the surprise of all present as, I dare say, it will be to the public, the faulty line ran thus:

Thy waters washed them power when they were free,
And many a tyrant since.

The MS. of another of Byron's poems rectifies a misprint which has been allowed to pass current in all the hitherto published editions of his works. It occurs in the Prisoner of Chillon:

And thus together, yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pin'd in heart——

For pin'd, read joined, which completes the antithesis.

An author may sometimes be indebted for an idea to his printer. The story that is told of Malherbe is a case in point. In his celebrated epistle to Du Perrier, whose daughters name was Rosette, he had written: "Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And Rosette has lived as the roses live.") But the printer, who found the MS. difficult to read, put Roselle instead of Rosette. Malherbe, reading the proof, was struck by the change, and modified his verse as follows: "Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And a Rose, she has lived as the roses live.") The comparison to the rose in the first instance adds greatly to the beauty of the image.

Misprinted dates occur very often, and sometimes cause considerable confusion in the reader's mind. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, in a review, very admirably written, of the account of Corsica, by Gregorovius, mention is made of Sampiero, the famous Corsican Condottiero. He was, says the reviewer, "born A.D. 1498 at Bastelica, a village in the mountains near Aiaccio." After speaking of his military services in Italy, he adds: "While thus acquiring distinction in foreign countries, he was not unmindful of his own. He returned home in 1597, and his reputation as a soldier, supplying the place of titles and ancestry, won for him a noble bride—Vannina, daughter and heiress of Francis Ornano, a principle noble of the island." Vannina must have had a singular taste to select for her bridegroom a gentleman of the mature age of ninety-nine. I must observe that there is nothing in the context which helps one to affix the right date, though it is afterwards said that he died in fifteen hundred and sixty-seven, exactly thirty years before he married his blooming bride, whom, in the meantime, he murdered. Misprints of this description make people do strange things after their deaths. In a review which I saw lately in a weekly paper, reference is made to a very pleasant letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, giving an account of the mode of life of the former. It is dated (by the printer) "on or about 1773," from which it would appear that it was written by the ghost of Swift to the ghost of Arbuthnot, the former having died in seventeen hundred and forty-five, and the latter in seventeen hundred and thirty-three. What makes this misprint the more absurd is, that the letter consists chiefly of details respecting eating and drinking and the cheapness of living—not in the other world, but in Ireland. The Builder, a few weeks since, or the Globe quoting the paragraph, says that what Raffaelle did in his "brief life" was "marvellous." So it was, but then Raffaelle did not live, as the paragraph stated, to be fifty-seven years of age. Here it is easy to rectify the error, the words being in figures, and a five inserted in the place of a three. But it only shows how careful you should be in your comments when your printers are apt to stumble. Apropos of the Globe, the following passage appeared in its impression of January, the eighteenth ult.: "Our printer yesterday committed a serious error in giving our extract from the Registrar-General's return. He makes us say that the inhabitants of London suffer at present from a high rate of morality." About the same period, the Court Journal made a somewhat similar lapsus. A bride in high life was said to have been accompanied to the altar by *tight* bridesmaids. For the sake of the young ladies referred to, I beg to say that the word in italics was intended to be *eight*. An error in the Morning Chronicle in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine must have caused many fruitless references to the Peerage. It reported that a magnificent banquet had been given by the Duke of Pork.

In the Daily News of the seventh of February, a mistake—rather than a misprint—occurred, which realized Sir Boyle Roche's ideas of the capacity of a bird, and almost equalled the supposition of Mrs. Malaprop. The ministerial secessions were on the tapis, and the paper was made to say, "The late Chanceller of the Exchequer is in favour of retaining office, but Mr. Gladstone is inclined to retire from the ministry." For a politician, however, this was not a very inapplicable mistake. It resembled the distinction between the "governor" and "father," in Sheridan's Critic. Misprints en bloc are occasionally to be met with. In the Morning Chronicle of the twenty-ninth of January last, there was an account, on the fifth page, of Cardinal Wiseman's voyage from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, with a description of a fearful storm, which was described in detail, with all due circumstantial sobriety. The next paragraph began: "No doubt, many persons will disbelieve *this story*, as many persons disbelieved the story of Louis Napoleon's marriage with Mdlle. de Montijo, when it was first announced." "This story!" What was it? Had Cardinal Wiseman been saved from a tempest by floating on his paletot, like Mr. Newman's favourite saint? To discover what seemed so hard to believe, it was necessary to turn to the *eighth* page of the same impression, where, in the Paris news of the day before, it was stated that the Count de Morny is the uterine brother of the Emperor. "It is now said—and, I may add, is belived in the best-informed quarters—that the Emperor had resolved to declare the Count de Morny the legitimate son of King Louis of Holland and Queen Hortense, and consequently his own brother." In lifting the type for a different edition, the comment upon this paragraph had unfortunately been left behind; for, after disposing of the Count de Morny, the correspondent continued the adventure of Cardinal Wiseman as quietly as if nobody else's affairs had interposed to render it doubtful. Another misprint en bloc crept, a few weeks since, into a leading weekly journal. A passage from the Times was quoted respecting the deficiencies in the camp at Balaklava. The description was a most painful one. After speaking of the wants of the army, which was stated to be perishing on account of the absence of all things by which life is supported, the quotation went on to say: "We cannot glance over the letters before us without discovering more and more deficiencies." And then this list appeared: "11,160 cwt. bristles, 70,000 cwt. rags, 3680 cwt. sailcloth, 1180 cwt. oil, 7987 cwt. mats, 6090 cwt. raw hides, 5100 cwt. of tar, 3600 cwt. feathers, 400 cwt. potash, 555,012 timbers, 21,065 oak timbers for ship-building, and 2136 lasts pipestaves." Bristles and rags! Plenty of both in the camp, no doubt; but the enumeration of these articles belonged to a paragraph in the next column, where the exports from Memel were detailed.

These are a few out of the host of misprints which might be accumulated were only a few of "the gentlemen who write with ease," and are printed with difficulty, to send their experiences to Household Words. In conclusion, just now, merely to show that there has been no invidious selection in the instances cited from the London press, it may be mentioned that our own printer, in a proof of an article for a recent number of this journal, converted a very distinguished judge into "Mr. Justice Nightman."—*Household Words.*

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[*] Hérétique clavelé has literally this signification; but it has a special punning allusion to Clavelier (or Clavele), a clockmaker of La Rochelle, who was burnt for heresy, together with a wooden clock which he had made.

THE AARONS COLLECTION.

The accounts of the enormous quantity of money which is being obtained for the late Mr. Bernal's crockery have (as we expected, and indeed said would be the case) stimulated the ambition of great numbers of "collectors" all over the country, and we shall speedily hear of new announcements of sales of the most interesting character. With the proverbial shrewdness and energy of his race, an exemplary member of the Hebrew persuasion, who resides in Houndsditch—we violate no confidence in naming Mr. Issachar Aarons—has taken time by the forelock, and indeed given the old fellow a good pull.

For the last few days a sale of miscellaneous articles, "collected by a gentleman," has been under the hammer of Messrs. Aminidab, Brothers, Whitechapel, the celebrated auctioneers, and, from the prices obtained, it would seem that the virtuosi of the east end of London are as capable of appreciating artistic and archæological treasures as their west end brethren who throng Messrs. Misty and Chranson's famous rooms. We subjoin a few of the lots and the prices they fetched:

Lot 19. A cup and saucer, said to have been in Pope's mind when he wrote the lines about "Great Anna" taking "tea" at Hampton Court, 3s. 6d.

Lot 20. A spoon, history unknown, but, from the initials "F. B." engraved on it, believed to have belonged to Friar Bacon, 2s. 6d.

Lot 25. A cylindrical pot, of red ware, seven inches high, and a hole in the bottom. From some earth, resembling mould, adhering to the inside, it is thought to have been a Roman or Chinese funeral urn, 4d.

Lot 30. Statue in plaster of an undressed youth, very young, writing. The head is lost, but the statue is stated by the owner to be one of the Horatii composing his opera, bought in for 1d.

Lot 31. The knife with which Mr. N. T. Hicks mended his pen before writing a letter to the proprietor of the Victoria theatre, accepting an engagement, in the year 1842. After a brisk competition between two theatrical amateurs, it was secured for 1s. 1d. for the Whitechapel Museum.

Lot 33. A silver watch, originally purchased by a sailor on landing at Portsmouth, and pawned by him at Gravesend before reëmbarking. What renders this relic more painfully interesting is, that he has never been heard of since; 11s. 6d.

Lot 37. A ruler, found in pulling down a house in Milton street, and, most probably, therefore, used by the immortal Milton when a schoolmaster, 6d.

Lot 40. A note of the Bank of Elegance, warranted by Mr. Aarons to have been given to him by Fauntleroy on the morning of his execution. This interesting document has therefore a double value, as establishing the fact that Mr. Fauntleroy did not escape to America, 1s. 6d.

Lot 41. Half a sheet of MS. music, apparently the original, but, if not, a very neatly written copy, of the first part of the celebrated air "God save the King," 1d.

Lot 43. The plate on which a sandwich was handed to Charles Philips, Esq., during the trial of Courvoisier, 2s. 6d.

Lot 49. A cornelian seal, which, from its having the device of a swan, and the initials "S. S. A.," the proprietor has no hesitation in guaranteeing to have been Shakspeare's, the letters implying Shakspeare, Swan of Avon. He also states himself to have found it behind a chair in Anne Hathaway's cottage, 5s. 6d.

Lot 51. Three wooden legs, formerly belonging to that number of Greenwich pensioners, all of whom received Nelson in their arms at Trafalgar, and afterwards shot the man who wounded the hero, 10s. 6d.

Lot 52. A saltcellar, long used at a tavern near the Thames, where the Duke of Wellington once stood up out of a shower of rain, 5s. 9d.

Lot 53. The umbrella offered to his Grace upon that occasion by the landlord, but politely declined on the ground that it was gingham, and that the carriage was coming up, 3s. 6d.

Lot 55. The stone which Collins flung at the head of King William the Fourth. The owner was very violent with the bidder, who questioned the authenticity of this article, from its being a paving-stone, which the auctioneer was unable to lift. Mr. Aarons made several affidavits upon the subject, and offered any additional number, but it remained unsold, and has since, we understand, been claimed by the Whitechapel Paving Board.

Lot 57. One of the watering-pots used on the day of the opening of London-bridge, slightly leaky, nozzle wanting, 1s.

Lot 60. The pistol with which, according to the catalogue, "Mr. Perceval Spencer shot Mr. Bellingham for not coming out of the House of Commons." An objection was taken to the lock, which was a percussion one, that contrivance not having been invented in 1812, the date to which the description seemed to point; but, on the owner's undertaking to have it altered to flint, the pistol went off at 7s. 6d.

Lot 63. Several pieces of orange peel, warranted to have been collected in Bolt-court, and to have been some of those which Dr. Johnson used to hoard so mysteriously, bought in for 1 1-2d.

Lot 70. A marble paper-weight, made of a piece of the Equator, brought home by a horse-marine, 2s. 3d.

Lot 71. A set of cupping-glasses, supposed to have been in Shakspeare's mind's eye when he exclaimed, "Cup us till the world goes round." They would not have hurt the eye much, as the lancets are all broken; 3s. 9d.

Lot 73. An autograph of Shakspeare's, being a receipt for the price of his *Tragedy of Edward the Fourth*, the body of the receipt being in the handwriting of Samuel Pepys, and the signature witnessed by Pope. This trebly interesting document was at last knocked down to the Whitechapel Museum for £1, 3s. 6d., the secretary and treasurer of that institution bidding against one another, in humble imitation of the officials of Marlborough-house and the British Museum.—*Punch.*

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer;
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone
These words alone,
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Chateau.
Nothing but the don-jon keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone
To the water's dash and din,
Carless, humble and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed,
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the ale-house and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells,
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill
In the Valley of the Vire.

—Longfellow, *in Putnam's Magazine.*

HUMBOLDT'S OPINION OF WEBSTER AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

An American gentleman (says the *Evening Post*), writing home from Berlin, under date of March 24, gives a very interesting account of a visit to the venerable Humboldt, who expressed on that occasion a pretty decided opinion of Mr. Webster and the Fugitive Slave Law, and of our national treatment of slavery itself. The passages which we give below from the letter have this morning been placed in our hands for publication:

"We rang, handed the servant our cards, who, after looking at them, showed us through the entry into a little room filled with stuffed birds and minerals. Here we left our great coats, passed through another room filled, museum-like, as the other, and from that into the room where Mr. Humboldt was sitting. He came immediately forward, took our hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing us, and insisted on seating us on the sofa, while he took an easy chair himself and sat by the end of it. He began at first to speak in French, but, after having got half way through a sentence, turned into English, which he speaks better than he understands it when spoken. He talked rapidly and fluently, and with but a slight accent.

"He began at once to talk of America, of the state of the country when he was there in 1804, and of the leading political men with whom he was then acquainted, particularly of Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, and of how he was every day brought to realize, after the lapse of fifty years, by new and great names in our political and scientific and literary world, and by every sign of the existence of our country, how much we had progressed since then. But, he said, there is one thing in which you stand worse than when I was there, and every honest and intelligent foreigner who can look at it with a knowledge of the matter, and with fairness, will tell you so. For thirty years—for thirty years (and he counted them on his fingers)—you have made no progress about slavery. You have gone backwards, very far backwards in many respects about that. I think, especially of your law of 1850, that law by which a man in a free State, where he ought to be free, can be made a slave of. That I always call the *Webster* law.

"I always before liked Mr. Webster. He was a great man. I knew him, and always till then liked him. But ever after that I hated him. He was the man who made it. If he had wished to prevent it, he could have done it. That is the reason why I call it the Webster law. And ever after that I hated him.

"I made some remark about Mr. Webster's influence on that point not being confined to a political sphere, but of his also carrying with him that circle of literary men with whom he was connected. Yes, said he, it was he who did it all, and those very men, not connected with politics, who ought to have stood against it, as you say, he moved with it. You came from New England, where there is so much anti-slavery feeling, and where you have learned to think that slavery is bad. While you are here in Europe, you may see things which you think bad. But I know Europe, and I tell you that you will find nothing here that is one half so bad as your slavery, and I know what your slavery is.

"M. Humboldt's personal appearance is very remarkable. He is very small and thin, but, for a man of his age (he is now eighty-five), he looks uncommonly well. He wore a large white neckcloth, a curiously coloured and figured velvet waistcoat, and a dress coat. Old as he is, he still keeps up the habits of his earlier years, sleeps but little, works incessantly, and is fond of society. He is now engaged upon the fourth volume of his Cosmos."

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

SONNET

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF A BELOVED BROTHER.

Time's years have barely doubled since the day
Which ushered in the contrasts of a life
Till then all spring-tide: from that hour, how rife
With woes that deep the feeling bosom fray!
Is this the poet-destiny, alway?
No quiet stream, aloof from strife,
Where glides serene Life's azure-mounted skiff,
Or but on rippled coolness bounds in play?
My God! could I have followed such calm ray,
Had fate cast in no sorrow-whetted knife?
On smoother current had I ne'er forgot
That heritage of deep, unuttered woe,
Falling on millions in one glacier-blow,
To leave my tangled glebe a sweet, flower-belted lot?

Milney, Jan. 15, 1855. A. P. C.

FIRST VISIT TO COMTE.

From the Unpublished Note-Book of the late H. B. Wallace.

Paris, April 22, 1851.—I visited to-day M. Auguste Comte. I found him comfortably and respectably lodged at No. 10 Rue M. Le Prince, *au premier*. It was about three o'clock, and, sending in my card, I was speedily admitted, and found him quite alone. His apartments are very neat, and wholly free from literary or domestic disorder. He was dressed in black, with a checkered green and black dressing-gown. He is considerably below my height, but with broad shoulders and a manly, full presence. He is highly nervous; his hands usually twitching in correspondence with his features while he talks, and his whole nature constantly under an intense intellectual excitement. He talks earnestly and almost uninterruptedly, yet gives place for conversation, and listens attentively and interestedly to what is said. He speaks with great rapidity; and his discourse is astonishingly brilliant and delightful, from the logical force of his thoughts and the quickness and richness of his wit. I remained with him about two hours. His head and countenance are more like Webster's than those of anybody I know; and he has the same mahogany complexion. There is also a good deal of resemblance to Voltaire.

We spoke of the progress which the positive philosophy was making in Europe. He said "that in England it was well received as a matter of doctrine, and intellectually; but was resisted in its political applications. This arose from selfish interests. M. Mills adopted it as the true base of philosophy and morals, but rejected it politically." "That," I remarked, "was singular in a logician." He said, "Yes, it was a simple '*inconsequence.*'"

He said that there was a fine school of positivists forming in Holland; and showed me a translation into Dutch of the two first chapters of the Introduction to the "*Cours*," which had been sent to him; and he handed me, to read, a translation of the letter which had accompanied it, signed by three *officiers de genie*, who had published the translation.

Many of his remarks were striking. "I," said he, "am one of the most advanced and '*eclaire*' persons of the time, and yet, from my first setting out till the present, I have never done anything but denounce the sovereignty of the people. The doctrine of equality is an absurd and mischievous falsehood. As for universal suffrage, it is founded on a cerebral deviation." Already, he remarked, the reäction in regard to universal suffrage had begun. When the limitation of the electoral law was discussed, some of his friends had prophesied that the people would revolt; but he had said they care nothing about it, and if you were to limit it as much again, they would make no opposition. "Rights of man!" he exclaimed, "I deny that man has any rights: he has duties only." "Here in France, where we sit *tete-a-tete* with anarchy, it is the positive philosophy alone that can give us any safety." I made a reference to a journal which had published a translation of *Lettres pamphlet*. He said, "I read no journals; it is four years since I have read a journal." When I left him, he said he would be glad to see me again; and upon asking him at what time he would be unoccupied, he said, "I am always at leisure, because I have occupation; it is only those people who do nothing, who never have any time. I save time in various ways. I read no journals. I read no romances. My reading consists of a very few poets. Here," said he, rising and pointing to four volumes on the mantel-piece, "are my daily readings—one is Dante; another is Calderon; the other two small volumes are the Imitation of Christ in Latin and French. "I am always at home," said he; "at all times I may be found in the evening. But at this moment I am between two chapters. I am in a state of temporary repose, and may be seen as well in the morning. I rarely go out. These apartments are consecrated to me by souvenirs of the most touching kind, to which I have alluded in my *Ensemble*. Here I find that presence always delightful to me. And this locality I may say is a powerful aid to my thoughts, for it promotes that reäction of the heart upon the mind which is always useful."

A PRETTY FELLOW FOR A BISHOP.

According to a Correspondent of the *Atlas* under the signature of "Clericus," a great cruelty is about to be inflicted on the colonists, if not on the aborigines, of Sierra Leone. The Bishop whose diocess includes that settlement has departed this life, and Clericus says—

"It is naturally expected by the colonists of our West African settlements, that the individual selected as his successor should be in every respect a man of recognised ability. How far this expectation will be fulfilled remains to be proved, but if my information be correct it will be cruelly disappointed, inasmuch as this see, worth upwards of £1,500 per annum, has been offered to an elderly superannuated missionary, formerly many years resident at Sierra Leone, and who at present officiates in a chapel connected with the Church Missionary Society in the neighbourhood of London."

Cruelly disappointed. How *cruelly?* Is the proposed Bishop incapacitated by age? Is he just what a Bishop ought not to be—a disreputable character, the husband of more wives than one, a sot, a brawler, or a money-grubber for example? —if the latter, certainly they will be cruelly disappointed in the Prelate to be appointed to a see "worth upwards of £1,500 per annum." Such disappointment, however, although cruel enough, is nothing to those who are used to it, as the inhabitants of the mother country undoubtedly are, if the colonists are not. But no—the disqualification of the reputed Bishop-elect is of quite another kind, in the view of Clericus; who continues—

"Far be it from me to deny the abilities of this gentleman for the office he enjoys; but it is another and a very different affair if his literary attainment will not bear the test of examination."

Well: but is this so? Clericus simply replies:

"And how could it be otherwise, considering that he was, it is alleged, originally bred a mechanic, and went out to Sierra Leone in the capacity of a Catechist to the Church Missionary Society upwards of 35 years ago."

Originally bred a mechanic. So have been some learned men—and some more than learned. A mechanic—shall we say a tent-maker? Or what does Clericus think of the vocation of a carpenter? That to have been originally bred to that mechanical business, entails disability for the office of Bishop? Oh! Clericus! Is the carpenter's bench so infinitely beneath the episcopal? Are the hands which have once wielded the adze, and the axe, and the saw, and the plane, and the gouge, and the chisel, and the augur, and the gimlet, and the centre-bit, to be forever debarred from grasping the crosier? Is the brown paper cap exchangeable on no conditions for the mitre? It was not so at the beginning of the first century of this era. But Clericus evidently considers that we have changed all that—for a superior system. He proceeds, in allusion to the antecedents of the deprecated Bishop:

"I mention this in no invidious spirit, viewing it on the contrary as highly commendable; but something very different is very properly looked for in one who seeks to occupy the distinguished position of a high dignity of the Church; and I venture to maintain, that if this gentleman obtains the Bishopric of West Africa, it will be an injustice done to the hard-working, ill-paid clergy of England, many of whom are equally pious, and have besides won for themselves the highest University honours."

Something very different from a fellow who was originally bred (say) a carpenter, though he has subsequently been a Church Missionary for more than 35 years, is wanted, say Clericus, for a Missionary Bishop. What other thing would he have? A thing of unsullied hands, irreproachable white tie, correct black coat, vest, and pantaloons, unexceptionable lavender-kid gloves, dainty intonation, delicate features, Macassar-oiled curls and aristocratic connections? For that is something which has succeded the primitive Missionaries—from whom it is certainly something very different.—*Punch.*

The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cadinal graces: Saints, for their holiness; Believers, for their faith; Brethren for their love; Disciples, for their knowledgs.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired.
GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, Have Removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first street S. of Market), Phila. Plain and fancy Jobbing, such as Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c., and Book and Pamphlet work, neatly and promptly executed.
Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigeratore, Water Filters, &c, A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

LADIES' BOOT and SHOE STORE. Business Enlarged.—The subscriber has constantly on hand, at wholesale or retail, or will make to order, Ladies Misses' and Children's English or French Lasting Gaiter Boots, together with a large assortment of Morocco, Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.
N. B. Goodyear's Gum Shoes, a pure article, always on hand. W. C. PARKER,
No. 91 N. Sixth st., east side, 3 doors below Race st., Phila

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth st., Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.
☞Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail
Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines, expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry, and 2240 lbs. given to the ton. The best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Red and White Ash, and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, or sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT & CO.

NEW BOOK STORE for New Books, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia. THOMAS CURTIS invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Books, Stationery, &c., which he has selected with great care and attention to the wants of the age. Every work affecting the interests of society and of a reformatory character will be obtained soon as published. A great variety of Liberal Books, wholesale and retail. Any rare books imported from Europe. Engravings, Porte-monnaies, Card Cases, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c. Persons residing in the country will have their orders promptly executed tf

DAGUERREOTYPES!—Broadbent & Co. offer to those desiring pictures the best facilities in the art. Beautiful landscape, picturesque or plain back grounds, at the option of the sitter; also the new and elegant style of illuminated heads.
Those who desire pictures or portraits copied, Stereoscope portraits of themselves, or miniatures on ivory or beautifully enamelled on porcelain, shall be faithfully served at 236 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGY—Removal.—William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

Philadelphia Spring Goods.
SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily Dress Goods of all the new fabrics, Silks, Foulards, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns' Organdies, Zerlines, Bareges. Also, Alpacas, Mouselines, Poplins, Shawls, Silk, Crape, Cashmere, Broche, Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings, Furnishing Goods, Irish Linens, Linen Drills, plain and best styles. Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Vestings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmaretts.
32 South Second street.

DAGUERREOTYPES, Stereoscopes and Illuminated Heads, taken in the highest perfection. We warrant our pictures to be satisfactory to all wishing true representations of themselves and friends.
Special attention paid to children. Copies taken with accuracy.
We invite all to call and examine specimens at our rooms No. 340, S. E. corner of Tenth and Market streets, Philadelphia.
HENRY C. PHILLIPS,
PHEBE D. PHILLIPS.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public that their Spring Style HATS are now ready. Their manner of doing business is for cash and no abatement from the price first asked. The time saved and losses avoided by this course, as well as their being operatives, enables them to sell at much lower prices and others in the trade. Neither oppressing nor being oppressed, they sell the best French Moleskin Hat for $3.50, and other qualities proportionately low. Men's and Boys' Soft Hats and Caps always on hand, suitable to the season. Friends' Hats made to order. No. 41 N. Sixth St., below Arch, Philadelphia.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mills, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city.
CALEB CLOTHIER.
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business: Every one his own Salesman.
JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike.
The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Philadelphia. JONES & CO.

Silver Medal Awarded by the Franklin Institute, 1852.
F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—Porte-Monnaies, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Money Belts, Purses; silver, pearl, papier-mache and shell Card Cases; Needle-books, Sewing-cases, with or without the furniture; mahogany, rosewood and leather-covered Writing-desks and Dressing-cases, roll-up Writing cases for Travellers; also a handsome assortment of fancy and useful articles, fine French Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Razor-strops, &c. &c. &c.
F. H. SMITH,
Pocket-Book and Case Manufacturer,
N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street.
N. B. Something New.—Fine Pocket Cutlery and Scissors, Bagshaw's manufacture. Purchasers can depend upon getting a good article. If they do not give satisfaction articles will be exchanged or the money refunded.

JOHN W. CLOTHIER & Co., No. 52 N. Fourth st. (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery.
Country storekeepers and teachers supplied. Rags bought.

246—THOS. ADAMSON, Jr.—246
No. 246 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Is now prepared to exhibit some decided *Bargains* in
SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,
Splendid new styles Dress Goods.
Great Bargains in Black Silks.
Fine Coburg Cloths, of the most desirable colours;
French Merinoes and Plaid Cashmeres;
Brocha Long and Square Shawls;
New Styles Woollen do. do.
Blankets, Flannels, Tickings, Table Covers,
Sheeting and Shirting Muslins, Irish Linens,
Towels, Napkins, Linen Table Cloths.
Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear—Satinetts from 25 to 75 cts. per yard; Cassimeres from 50 cts. to $2 50. Broadcloths from $1 to $6; Vestings, and a great variety of Plaid and Fancy Cassimeres and Jeans, for Boys' wear.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, the subscriber would respectfully call their attention to articles he manufactures, many of which are made expressly for travelling purposes, great care and study having been expended to render each article truly a multum in parvo; also, his well-selected stock of imported and domestic Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes of all kinds, of English and American manufacture; Combs and Razors, Penknives, Scissors, and every instrument necessary for the toilet, of the most approved makers; an assortment always on hand of Desks, Dressing Cases, Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Money Belts, and a general assortment of useful Fancy articles.
WM. T. FRY, Manufacturer,
227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side, Philadelphia.